

July

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CHRISTIAN HERALD

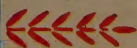
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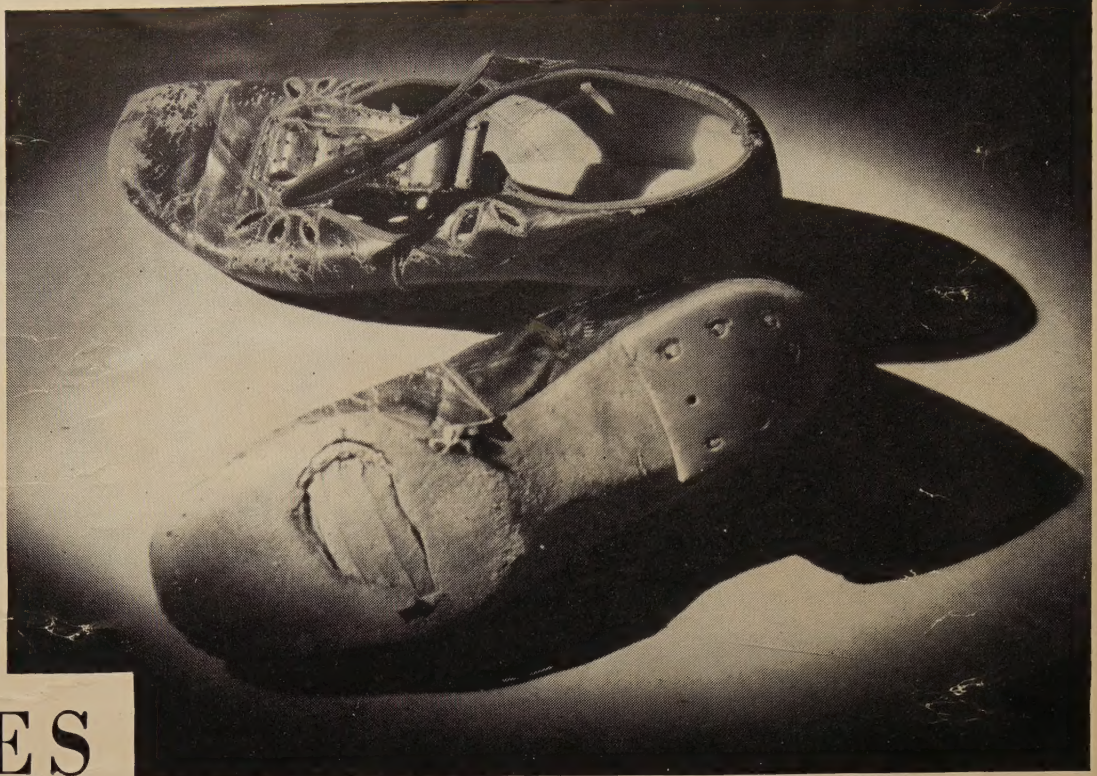


Th. Jefferson

5¢

MORE THAN 20 FEATURES
STORIES AND ARTICLES





SHOES

tell the story

WE WERE a poor pair at best but we were pretty when we were new. We weren't made of leather; it seemed like cheating to make a poor little girl fall in love with us. How her eyes sparkled when she looked at us!

One day she wore us to a little church—there wasn't a prettier pair of shoes in the place. We looked around and all we could see were shabby, worn shoes; and then we found ourselves on a long line of shoes; looking up we saw bundles and knew we were going away somewhere. There was excitement in the air; the toes in us wriggled until we squeaked with excitement.

There wasn't much walking to do that day. Our little girl was riding in a big bus and had us so doubled up under her that we cracked in pain. What a good time she was having—but our hearts were breaking for we knew our end was near. We could never stand the strain.

Well, we had a good time while we lasted and it was certainly fun being on such happy feet. To our dying day we will never forget the feel of the grass as we ran over it, and the throb of hope as we realized how gently it touched us. Our little girl was tired after the long bus ride. We were sitting under a tree with a shabby pair of shoes alongside of us. At first we took no notice of our shabby neighbors and then suddenly we realized we'd better not be so proud—perhaps they were nice once.

So we said: "How do you do neighbor."

And in a creaky old voice hard to hear our neighbor replied: "Oh, all right, it's nice here. But have you noticed the holes in our soles? We have been cut to the heart. What will our little boy do? His mother told him to be careful with his clothes. I've heard her say she had to work hard to buy his shoes. Ah me, life is short."

"What are the children doing," we asked.

"They're having a shower in that pretty house over there," our neighbor answered. "I'm glad they left us here, we couldn't stand getting wet now. My but it's beautiful here. We could live a long time sitting like this under a tree. Why do you suppose anyone lives in that dreadful place we just came from when there is so much beauty here?" Our neighbor didn't know the answer.

Suddenly we were on our little girl's feet and away we went up a hill. Next we found ourselves under a long table with a lot of shabbier shoes. We could hear squeals of joy and children asking for "More" so we knew we were in a dining room. We didn't remember ever staying so long under a dining table—poor little kids they were probably very hungry.

After dinner all bedlam seemed to break loose: we ran and jumped and found ourselves hanging in midair while our little girl whirled round and round in a circle or swung high in the air. What a life! And then our hour of doom! We were on fire, our very soles were burning! we couldn't stand it, something terrible was happening to us! What was this terrible gnawing at our vitals? . . . We had just gone down our first slide!

It was sad to see the misery on our little girl's face when she looked at us next morning. She had slept like a top in her new bed but we had spent the night in fear and trembling. With the help of a layer of paper our little girl managed to save us for a little while and then we felt ourselves being jerked off with a strong pull and thrown on a pile of shoes as miserable looking as ourselves. Dejected and sad we prepared to meet our fate. Suddenly someone said "Save that pair for me, I want to get a picture of them—they are the most dilapidated pair of shoes I've ever seen." And here we are.

Of course we were sorry to leave our little pal but glad she had a good strong pair of shoes that didn't cheat. Why couldn't they have left us under that big tree?



CHRISTIAN HERALD CHILDREN'S HOME,
419 Fourth Avenue, New York

Dear Mont Lawn:— We want to help you give your little guests new shoes and send you herewith \$. to give vacations to children at your house in the country where there will be plenty to eat and lots of fun.

Name

Address

BELOW are listed the names of some of the most distinguished American families. Our research staff has, over a period of years, completed manuscript histories of each of these families. If your surname is listed you should have your manuscript. We believe you will find it not only of keen interest, but a source of pride and satisfaction to you and your kinsmen.

The following is our latest revised list. The coupon, with \$2.00 (no other charge), will bring you your manuscript by return mail. Satisfaction is assured by our unconditional money-back guaranty. Any two manuscripts may be had for \$3.75; any three for \$5.00. *Send for yours today.* MEDIA RESEARCH BUREAU, Dept. 167, 1110 St., Washington, D.C.

[illegible][illegible]

City..... State.....

For \$9.50 you can have an authentic, hand-painted COAT OF ARMS of any family listed. Our heraldic artists emblazon each Coat of Arms to order, on parchment paper size 11 by 14 inches. (Use coupon.)

Just Between OURSELVES



WHERE READERS AND EDITORS MEET TO EXCHANGE IDEAS AND TALK OVER THEIR PROBLEMS

Keep America Christian

A NEWS bulletin from Russia contains this statement:

"At Moscow steps have been taken to establish the largest printing press in the world. The announced aim is to print anti-Christian and anti-religious books in *forty-five languages*. A budget of 11,800,000 rubles, equaling about \$6,000,000, will be raised by voluntary gifts."

As recently as twenty years ago, religion in Russia was so firmly entrenched that defeat in war and the overthrow of the imperial government failed to shake it out of its complacency. Today religion in the Soviet Republic is gasping for breath. Yes, Russia is a long way from America, but every Christian should face such facts, with a deep understanding of their significance. Every Christian should understand that the time for complacency and the "It can't happen here" attitude is past. Christianity is in a war—a war which can be lost if Christians everywhere do not all assume their shares in the struggle before the enemy gets its full strength. In the forefront of this great war stands *Christian Herald* with a million loyal readers. It is the largest, most influential Christian journal in the world, and unlike most religious magazines it extends across all denominations. Wars are fought in the front line and won in the front line. That's where *Christian Herald* is. Perhaps you do not always agree with our tactics, perhaps you would fight the battle differently. We are up here where we can see the whole battlefield. We may be in a better position to know where the enemy is attacking and where he is weak. And

we know our own vulnerable spots better than anyone else. What sometimes seems to you like retreat may in the broader sense really be an attack. We cannot always reveal the strategy.

But remember this—no person on earth is more important to us than you are. *Christian Herald* is your magazine. Without your backing all the gains of sixty years would vanish over night. *Christian Herald* has no subsidy. Every subscription, every dollar from our readers is food for the embattled army, without which the mightiest ammunition is futile. For sixty years *Christian Herald* has forged steadily forward until today it has the largest paid circulation in its history. It is better equipped to fight the battle for righteousness than ever before. Praise God for that be-

cause the enemy is stronger also.

America is a Christian country. Let's keep it that way.

The Divorce Problem

IN the June issue of Ladies' Home Journal there appeared an article entitled "What do the Women of America Think About Religion?" One of the facts brought out in this article was that altho seventy-six per cent of the women interviewed belonged to some church, only thirty-seven per cent believed that the church should condemn divorce. And yet we find divorce becoming one of our major social problems. Approximately one out of every six marriages winds up in the divorce courts. In a brilliant article which will appear in the August issue of *Christian Herald*, Ralph Meadowcroft attempts to answer the question, "What Should Be the Attitude of the Church Toward Divorce?" Don't miss this article.

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A Correction

We hasten to correct an error of omission regarding the "Printed Poison" story which appeared in the May issue. On further investigation of the excellent job of cleaning up the newsstands in South Bend, Indiana we find that—although mentioned only casually in the article—the South Bend Deanery of the National Council of Catholic Women were most prominent and most effective in their efforts.

This Month's Cover

Thomas Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence. Our portrait by Zadig was taken from an old print. It also shows the original American flag, and Jefferson's home.

A Future Star of the Davis Cup can't take chances with his teeth and gums



Ipana and Massage help your dentist keep gums firmer and teeth sounder

HERE'S a young fellow who already has ideas about his future. Young Thomas has ambitions and *plans*. And very sensibly, his plans include the proper care of his teeth and gums.

Every time he brushes his teeth, Tommy takes time out to massage *his gums*. For, thanks to his teachers and his dentist, he already knows the importance of gum massage to modern dental health. Young as he is, he has already

mastered a lesson in modern oral hygiene that thousands of intelligent adults have still to learn.

Today's soft foods are a lot to blame for tender, ailing gums. Robbed of natural work by our modern menus, gums tend to grow weak and flabby. And then nature flashes her warning signal—that first tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush.

When you see "pink tooth brush," *see your dentist*. You may not be in for real trouble—but let him decide. Usually, however, it only means gums that have grown flabby under our soft food menus—gums that need more work—gums that

will respond to the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage.

For Ipana with massage is especially designed to help the gums as well as keep teeth sparkling. Massage a little *extra* Ipana into your gums as often as you brush your teeth. Circulation quickens in the gum tissues—helps gums become firmer, more resistant to trouble.

Change to Ipana and massage *today*. Schedule yourself for this modern *dental health* routine to help keep your smile brilliant, sparkling.

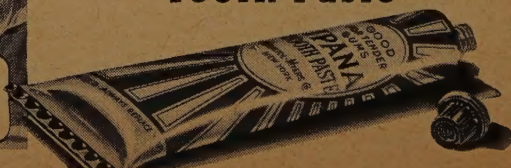
DOUBLE DUTY — For more effective gum massage and more thorough cleansing, ask your druggist for Rubberset's new *Double Duty* Tooth Brush.

A WHOLE FAMILY CHANGES TO IPANA AND MASSAGE



IPANA

Tooth Paste





"... My help cometh from the Lord" has echoed in the hearts of Christians through the ages. That "help" is now brought closer through daily spiritual communion afforded by the use of

THE QUIET HOUR

This vest-pocket quarterly of personal and family devotions provides a simple program that makes daily prayer and Bible reading natural and easy. One full page for each day supplies a Scripture verse, the Home Daily Bible Reading reference, a meditation, a short prayer—all Christ-centered, spiritually uplifting, and evangelistic.

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Quiet Hour" for which I enclose \$.....
(money order or check safest). List of names and
addresses for gift subscriptions is attached.

☐ Please send free sample copy.

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Address.....

City.....State.....

Church Name.....



Out of my MAIL

By DANIEL A. POLING

ORGANIZER AND LEADER OF THE NATIONAL

PUMP PRIMING

Do you favor the President's recovery program which involves priming the pump again, this time to the amount of more than seven billion dollars?

I CANNOT answer this question "yes" or "no." Certainly I believe in the President's objective. Clearly, too, some items of the program thus far announced should commend themselves to us all. But frankly, having spent twenty billion dollars in less than six years to achieve recovery, I am of the conviction that the administration needs now to attempt something more fundamental than pump priming, so-called. If twenty billion dollars thus spent leaves us with thirteen million unemployed, and conditions as they are, what justification is there for believing that an additional seven billion dollars will restore prosperity?

I say that something more fundamental than pump-priming is required. What, I do not here undertake to describe.

THE TRUTH OF JESUS' RESURRECTION

Do you actually believe in the resurrection of Jesus? I mean in the bodily resurrection of Jesus; that if He died on the cross, He rose as the tradition says.

I DO so believe. There was a time when I had serious questions, when I declared my faith but with mental reservations. That time is past. I believe that the resurrection of Jesus occurred as it is written. Also I believe that His resurrection was in harmony with law, but supernatural from the standpoint of the finite mind.

God is both love and law.

I believe that man steadily approaches those realms in which mysteries will be made clear. Here the words of Jesus, "Greater things than these shall ye do," have significance. Yes, I believe the resurrection.

I have just finished reading "Leaves from a Surgeon's Casebook" by James Harpole—a book which was a best seller in England and which has had two printings in the United States since the first of the year. On pages 90 and 91 the author describes a cancer case in which one of the most distinguished surgeons operated. The operation revealed the condition of the patient hopeless. The cancer

could not be removed. These words by Dr. Harpole follow: "Then a curious thing happened. For some unknown reason the old lady started to get better. In a month the growth was half the size. In two months it could not be felt. In three months she was about again. It was a miracle. And no one yet knows why the cancer stopped growing and disappeared."

No wonder Dr. C. Ward Crampton, distinguished physician, scientist and social authority in New York City, said recently "The preacher who does not believe in miracles is not scientific."

A JUST SENTENCE

I find myself with a divided mind concerning the penalty inflicted upon the New York broker, Mr. Whitney. Should his full confession have merited a shorter sentence? What do you think about the whole case?

THAT the confession was admirable. It made unnecessary a long and costly trial. It indicated courage and suggests that the man has still a worthy life in front of him. On the other hand, the offense was very great. It involved many elements of perfidy, it involved the grossest betrayal of trust with the repeated betrayal of business associates and relatives. There was no confession before the crime was discovered. The penalty was fully merited and the sentence just.

WHAT OF TITHING?

I have a friend opposed to tithing who says that the tithe started before there was money and that it means merely to give your time. She also says that charity begins at home. What do you think?

MONEY is a medium of exchange and in earliest times there were such mediums. The true principle of the tithe includes time and life, as well as money. Many people excuse themselves from giving the cash by concentrating, conversationally at least, on "life and service." To one of these a clergyman once said, "The Almighty would, I think, be justified in discounting you ten per cent for cash."

Charity does begin at home but it does not end there. The truly charitable include both the near and far in their prayers and in their gifts.

BUSINESS AND EDITORIAL OFFICES, 419 Fourth Ave., New York

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MOUTH RADIO CONFERENCE

THE GAMBLING CRAZE

You have of course seen the decision Judge McDevitt about bank night, bingo, etc., being gambling. What is your opinion of this decision?

WELL, of course in my opinion the decision is sound! There are plenty precedents. Always in periods of depression people turn to games of chance, not only for diversion, but in the vain hope that somehow in this fashion their losses may be made up. Particularly unfortunate it is for young people. The demoralization is subtle but far-reaching. As such, I am glad for the decision of Judge McDevitt. It will help turn our minds from false promises.

RULINGS OF LABOR BOARD

What do you think of the decision of the National Labor Relations Board in the case of the Inland Steel Company and the Republic Steel Corporation, to the effect that the companies are compelled to sign written contracts with unions with whom they have reached verbal agreements?

IN MY opinion, much of the decision is sound. It is difficult for a man on the inside to pass a judgment because, to a large extent, both cases hinge upon questions of fact; more, upon the impartiality with which facts have been established. Here, both companies have the right of appeal from the Board's decision. However, the Board also defines a principle. Labor leaders will, I think, look upon this as precedent-making—the principle of refusal of an employer to sign a written agreement with a union, after an understanding has been reached, amounts to a refusal to bargain collectively and is therefore a violation of the Wagner Act. This seems to me reasonable. But the Labor Board takes another step, declaring: "An employer is not privileged to deny collective bargaining to the representatives of his employees merely because he views the representatives as irresponsible, and the alleged irresponsibility is likewise irrelevant in determining whether he must embody understandings in a written agreement." I agree with the New York Times, that this is 'an agreement for chaos.'

CHRISTIAN HERALD
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Published monthly at 419 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y., by Christian Herald Association, Inc. President . . . A. F. Felling; Vice President . . . J. Paul Maynard; Treasurer . . . Irene Wilcox.

It's time to waken "Drowsy Mouths"



Fight Acid

WHEN YOU BRUSH YOUR TEETH !

YOU CAN FEEL the difference when your mouth is *refreshed*, actively "awake." And what a glorious difference there is in the animation and charm of your smile!

For this delightful feeling of refreshment, *fight acid* when you brush your teeth. It is a wise addition to ordinary brushing and rinsing.

For acids are present wherever food particles ferment . . . these are the acids that are a common factor in tooth decay. Also, such fermentations may cause a disagreeable taste, and mar the freshness of the breath.

That is why a principal ingredient of

Squibb Dental Cream is an antacid that is known to be pure, reliable and safe. When it comes into contact with acids in the mouth, it neutralizes them—quickly alkalizing and "freshening" while it cleanses.

Get a tube of Squibb Dental Cream at your drug store today. Brush your teeth and massage your gums with it at least twice a day.

And never forget that, by adequate professional service and proper daily care, *most tooth decay can be prevented.*

SQUIBB TOOTH POWDER—has the same scientific advantages as Squibb Dental Cream.

SQUIBB

ACID-NEUTRALIZING

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The Best in July RADIO

Selected Programs on
Midsummer Airwaves

[Time is Eastern Daylight Saving Time.]

Columbia Broadcasting System—WABC, WCAU, and affiliated stations.
National Broadcasting Company—BLUE Network—WJZ, WFIL, and affiliated stations.
National Broadcasting Company—RED Network—WEAF, KYW, and affiliated stations.

DAILY

- 11:45 A.M. Getting the Most Out of Life. Dr. William Stidger—BLUE.
- 12:30 P.M. Time For Thought. Brief talks by outstanding religious leaders—RED.
- 12:30 P.M. National Farm and Home Hour—BLUE.
- 1:30 P.M. Words and Music—RED.
- 1:45 P.M. Edward MacHugh, "Your Gospel Singer"—CBS.
- 5:30 P.M. The Singing Lady. Nursery songs and jingles—BLUE.
- 6:30 P.M. Boake Carter, commentator—CBS.
- 6:45 P.M. Lowell Thomas, commentator—BLUE.

SUNDAY

- 9:00 A.M. From the Organ Loft. Recitals by Julius Mattfeld—CBS.
- 9:15 A.M. Vagabond Adventures. Tom Terris presents letters from abroad—RED.
- 9:30 A.M. Melody Moments. Salon Orchestra conducted by Josef Honti—RED.
- 10:00 A.M. Church of the Air. Talks by religious leaders of every denomination—CBS.
- 10:00 A.M. High Lights of the Bible. Dr. Frederick K. Stamm—RED.
- 10:30 A.M. Wings over Jordan. Negro choir and talks by outstanding Negro leaders—CBS.
- 11:05 A.M. Silver Flute. Dramatized folk stories—RED.
- 12:00 P.M. Southernaires. Negro male quartet—BLUE.
- 1:00 P.M. Church of the Air—CBS.
- 1:30 P.M. Europe Calling. Talks from European Capitals—CBS.
- 1:30 P.M. Empires of the Moon. Historical dramatic sketch—BLUE.
- 1:45 P.M. Poet's Gold. David Ross reads poetry—CBS.
- 3:00 P.M. Everybody's Music. Howard Barlow and the Columbia Symphony Orchestra—CBS.
- 5:00 P.M. There Was a Woman. Dramatizations of lives of women behind lives of famous men—BLUE.
- 4:00 P.M. Sunday Vespers. Dr. Paul Scherer—BLUE.
- 4:30 P.M. The World Is Yours. Adventure in the World of Science—RED.
- 5:30 P.M. The Radio Newsreel. Interviews of people in the headlines—RED.
- 7:30 P.M. Passing Parade. Dramatizations of actual events—CBS.
- 8:30 P.M. Summer Stadium concerts of New York Philharmonic orchestra—CBS.
- 10:30 P.M. University of Chicago Round Table Discussions—RED.
- 10:30 P.M. Headlines and Bylines. H. V. Kaltenborn, Bob Trout, and Erwin Canham commenting on the week's news—CBS.

MONDAY

- 8:15 A.M. William Meeder, Organist. Also Wednesdays—BLUE.
- 8:30 A.M. Women and News. Also Wednesdays and Fridays—RED.
- 11:15 A.M. Richard Maxwell's Songs of Comfort and Cheer. Also Tuesdays and Fridays—CBS.
- 2:45 P.M. Hymns of All Churches. Also Tuesdays and Thursdays—BLUE.
- 2:45 P.M. In the Music Room. Semi-classical music—RED.
- 5:30 P.M. March of Games. Program of entertainment for young children. Also Wednesdays—CBS.
- 5:45 P.M. New Horizons. Program of Museum of Natural History—CBS.
- 5:45 P.M. Captain Tim Healy's Stamp Club. Stories in Stamps—BLUE.
- 8:00 P.M. If I Had the Chance. Celebrities tell ambitions—BLUE.
- 9:00 P.M. Lux Radio Theater. One-hour dramatizations directed by Cecil B. DeMille—CBS.
- 9:30 P.M. Tales of Great Rivers—RED.
- 10:00 P.M. True or False. Tests scope of knowledge—BLUE.
- 10:00 P.M. Concert Orchestra, Conducted by Frank Black—RED.
- 10:30 P.M. National Radio Forum. Leading figures in the nation's life presented from Washington—BLUE.

TUESDAY

- 8:15 A.M. Dick Leibert, Organist. Also Thursdays and Saturdays—BLUE.
- 9:00 A.M. Howard Clancy—Commentator—RED.
- 2:15 P.M. Let's Talk It Over. Human interest stories—BLUE.
- 2:30 P.M. NBC Music Guild. Lesser known compositions of great composers—BLUE.
- 3:30 P.M. United States Army Band—BLUE.
- 4:00 P.M. Highways to Health. Prominent doctors on various medical subjects—CBS.
- 5:30 P.M. Let's Pretend. Also Thursdays—CBS.
- 8:30 P.M. Information Please. A board of experts answering questions of radio audience—BLUE.
- 8:30 P.M. Dale Carnegie. Success in Living—RED.

WEDNESDAY

- 11:00 A.M. Greenfield Village Chapel. Hymns sung by school children—CBS.
- 2:15 P.M. Let's Talk It Over. National Women's Organizations—BLUE.
- 5:45 P.M. Exploring Space. Series of broadcasts about planets—CBS.
- 6:00 P.M. America's Schools—RED.
- 7:30 P.M. Talks by Ruth Bryan Owen Rhode—RED.
- 7:30 P.M. Living History. Treat American history as living events in dramatizations—CBS.
- 7:45 P.M. Science on the March—BLUE.
- 8:00 P.M. One Man's Family—RED.
- 8:00 P.M. Cavalcade of America. Dramatizations of America's past—CBS.
- 9:30 P.M. Boston Orchestra—BLUE.
- 9:30 P.M. The Word Game. Quiz on words—CBS.
- 10:30 P.M. It Can Be Done. Edgar A. Guest—CBS.

THURSDAY

- 9:00 A.M. Gabriel Heatter, commentator—RED.
- 2:30 P.M. Light Opera—BLUE.
- 4:00 P.M. Of Men and Books. Book review and interviews—CBS.
- 6:00 P.M. George R. Holmes, commentator—RED.
- 8:00 P.M. The March of Time—BLUE.
- 9:00 P.M. Toronto Symphony Orchestra—RED.
- 9:00 P.M. Major Bowes' Amateur Hour—CBS.
- 10:00 P.M. Pulitzer Prize Plays—BLUE.
- 10:00 P.M. Essays in Music—CBS.
- 10:30 P.M. Americans at Work. Interviews with workers in different industries and descriptions of their work—CBS.

FRIDAY

- 2:00 P.M. United States Marine Band—BLUE.
- 3:15 P.M. NBC Radio Guild. Revivals of plays that have had general acceptance—BLUE.
- 5:30 P.M. Music for Fun. Music for young children—CBS.
- 6:00 P.M. Education in the News—RED.
- 7:15 P.M. Music is My Hobby—BLUE.
- 7:30 P.M. Talk by Edwin C. Hill—RED.
- 7:30 P.M. Adventures in Science. Dramatizations of scientific advances—CBS.
- 8:00 P.M. The Ghost of Benjamin Sweet. Dramatic sketches of a kindly ghost—CBS.
- 9:30 P.M. NBC Spelling Bee—BLUE.

SATURDAY

- 8:30 A.M. Southernaires. Negro Male Quartet—BLUE.
- 9:15 A.M. Richard Maxwell's Songs of Comfort and Cheer—CBS.
- 10:00 A.M. Women of Tomorrow—BLUE.
- 10:30 A.M. The Child Grows Up—BLUE.
- 11:00 A.M. Florence Hale's Radio Column. In the Our American Schools series—RED.
- 4:00 P.M. Calling All Stamp Collectors—RED.
- 6:45 P.M. The Art of Living. Dr. Norman Vincent Peale—RED.
- 7:30 P.M. Columbia Workshop. Experimental radio drama—CBS.
- 7:30 P.M. Uncle Jim's Question Bee—BLUE.
- 9:00 P.M. Professor Quiz—CBS.

ON THE AIR By Aileen Soares

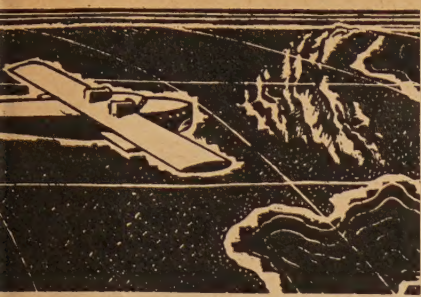
PROFESSOR JOHN T. FREDERICK, Professor of Modern Letters at the Medill School of Journalism of Northwestern University, recognized as one of America's leading short story critics, will conduct a fourth series of Adult Education programs over the WABC-Columbia Network, "Of Men and Books," to be heard from 4:00 to 4:15 P.M., EDST, each Thursday through July. Prominent writers will be guests from time to time on the programs, in which Professor Frederick will review books which impress him as significant interpretations of American life, with particular stress placed on regional literature.

"INFORMATION Please" is an NBC feature designed to stump the experts. Among the experts who will pit their knowledge against a list of wily questions are Lewis Hacker, economist of Columbia University, Marcus Duffield, news editor of the New York *Herald-Tribune*, and Franklin P. Adams, best known as "F.P.A." Presiding over these Solomons of sound will be Clifford Fadiman, literary critic for the *New Yorker*. The radio audience is invited to submit questions to the experts. Questions accepted will win \$2.00 for the person who submits them and any question the experts cannot answer will be rewarded with an extra \$5.00. The programs to be heard on Tuesdays from 8:30 to 9:00 P.M., EDST, over the Blue Network will be unrehearsed and in no case will the experts be aware of what they're in for.

"YOUR Gospel Singer" a program of popular hymns, old and new, sung by Edward MacHugh, will be heard through July from 1:45 to 2:00 P.M., EDST, on the CBS Network, Mondays through Fridays. MacHugh is credited with having originated this type of program, but he gives the credit to his audience. In his career of ten years of hymn singing on the air he finds that "The Old Rugged Cross" has been the most popular.

THE famous Lewisohn Stadium Concerts, at City College, in New York City, will be broadcast exclusively over the nation-wide WABC-Columbia Network Sundays from 8:30 to 10:00 P.M., EDST, through July. They will be played, as always, by the New York Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra under the auspices of Stadium Concerts, Inc., one of the world's most famous outdoor music institutions.

SINCE this page is a new feature, we are anxious to learn our readers' reaction to it. So we will welcome letters from as many as possible of our readers, telling us what radio programs they have found helpful and inspiring, as well as clean and wholesome, whether they are sponsored or sustaining programs. Just address The Editor, Christian Herald.



NEWS DIGEST of the month



DEPARTMENT OF INTERPRETATION AND COMMENT ON THE MONTH'S CHIEF EVENTS

The Higher Patriotism

WHEN we were young, the Fourth of July meant a parade, lemonade, firecrackers, burned fingers and perhaps blind eyes, certainly oratory in the town park. The old-fashioned firecracker has been outlawed in the interests of a safe-and-sane Fourth. We rise to suggest that we now outlaw some of the old-fashioned high-pressure oratory in the interests of a safe-and-sane patriotism.

Don't mistake us. We still believe in the Fourth and all it stands for. We still believe this country is worth talking about, and that it is the No. One nation of the earth to live in, and we've seen a lot of nations; so far as this editor is concerned, he wouldn't swap one State in this Union for all Europe wrapped up and delivered. At least we don't all have to march in a parade and cheer a dictator we hate, and that's something.

But we also believe that there is a Higher

Patriotism that we've all got to get interested in if we are going to save the world from suicide, and we'd like to hear it mentioned on the Fourth of July.

We mean the Higher Patriotism of Brotherhood. The Higher Patriotism of Christian Cooperation. The Higher Patriotism that transcends any national enthusiasm, and that calls the men of all nations to the colors in defense of certain inborn, spiritual, international rights. We'd give a million dollars (if we had a million dollars) to hear some Independence Day orator get up and begin, "Friends, Americans, countrymen, I am not here to wave the flag. I am here today to remind you that you have a duty to perform to the persecuted Christians of Japan who are standing out against this war, to the German patriots who are in prison or their graves for conscience sake, to the Italians who still think more of St. Francis and Savonarola than they do of Il Duce. . . ."

We'd give up our golf foursome to hear a speech like that.

AT HOME

WASHINGTON: The President is quite a fisherman . . . in more ways than one, say the political scribes and solons. Into his fisherman's bag, on the high seas, he has recently dropped nobody knows how many finny prizes. Into his New Deal bag he has recently dropped Florida, Oregon, and a doubtful specimen labeled Pennsylvania." In Iowa he evidently used the wrong bait.

The magazine *Fortune* offers a survey of election returns up to date, offering statistical evidence that 54% of the voters seems to prefer Mr. Roosevelt, while 44% disapprove and 10.9% are uncertain. In Congress, 47.2% of the people's representatives want to work more closely with the White House, while 40.6% want to act independently.

Concludes *Fortune*: ". . . The chances that any important number of Mr. Roosevelt's men will be defeated in the primaries this year are very slim." *Christian Herald* makes no prediction. We still remember *The Literary Digest*.

JERSEY CITY: A few years ago Frank Hague was an unimpressive ward politician. Today he is a national figure, the most admired and the most despised man in America.

What's going on in Jersey City doesn't make sense. The Mayor runs Norman Thomas out of town for trying to make a

speech; he allows Arthur Garfield Hayes to speak, to insult him and to dare the police to make an arrest; then Congressman O'Connor of Montana comes to town, is denied the right to speak, and finds himself rushed over the line to Newark.

Maybe the Mayor is trying to say, "I am still the law in Jersey City. If I say they can speak, they can speak; if . . ." It can't go on forever, for the Constitution of the United States and the right of free speech and peaceable assembly are involved, and no Mayor yet has been big enough to over-ride them.

Politics are involved. Hague, whether we like him or not, is a member of the Democratic National Committee and also is a powerful vote-producer. That puts the Administration, the President and the Attorney General on the spot. Says the President: "It is a local issue." Says the Attorney General, "I will investigate." (Norman Thomas wonders why he doesn't get started.) Says Hague, "Get out!"

MADISON, WISCONSIN: Fighting sons of a fighting father, the two La Follettes offer us a third party. The National Progressive Party. How far it will progress remains to be seen. Its predecessors have had a hard time, traveling a rocky road that soon shook their

wagon to pieces. But anything can happen here.

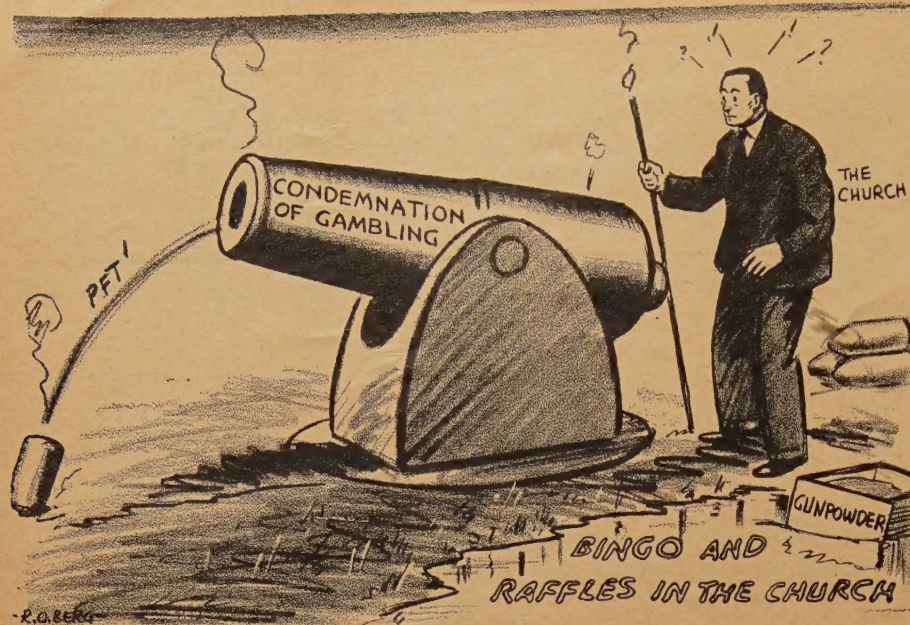
Best reports indicate that it will not get far. It is premature, like the runner who runs too fast at first, and gives out near the tape. In the minds of veteran campaigners, Peppery Phil got his movement off too soon. There is also some distrust over his emblem, the cross in a circle; it looks too much like a swastika. Dorothy Thompson is afraid that the new party may be run on a mild swastika philosophy.

Insiders say that the La Follettes intend to play along with the President through 1940, wasting no strength opposing him and building power slowly in a few states at a time. Last week Senator Bob La Follette spent a week-end cruising on the Potomac with F.D.R.; they talked, he said, of "cabbages and sealing-wax." And kings?

Speaking of progressivism, what ever happened to Glenn Frank?

RELIEF: Twenty million Americans are on relief. They fare variously. Some haven't enough to eat, some have too much. Relief may be a racket. It is surely a riddle.

Curtailed twenty per cent below the subsistence standard, crowds gathered in Cleveland shouting a cry we have no reason to hear in America: "We want food."



IF YOU'RE GOING TO USE THE GUN, KEEP YOUR POWDER DRY

Cleveland was broke. A sit-down situation was averted by emergency borrowing, but we can't borrow forever.

Thirty-eight thousand families in Chicago are wondering where their next meal is coming from. The Windy City has already piled up a fourteen-million-dollar relief deficit. But up in Orange County, N. Y., little boys in families-on-relief are playing ball with relief oranges. Local welfare officers can't get rid of the food spoiling in their warehouses; carloads of apples are being shipped into this apple-producing community.

What's wrong? The same thing that was wrong with the system the relief program was supposed to correct: it isn't the supply that's failing, but the distribution!

MOORISH COLONY IN NEW YORK:

It comes as a surprise to most of us to learn that over 20,000 Moors live in the Greater New York area. Plans have just been announced that a Moorish Colony is to be established at Yaphank, Long Island, which will serve as a mecca for the Moors in the Metropolitan area. One thousand homes, in the Moorish style of architecture, will be built in the near future. The purpose, according to the promoters, is to provide better housing conditions for persons of Moorish descent, and to permit them to practice the customs and religious tenets of Morocco, thus establishing a definite religious center for them.

HOW'S BUSINESS? In the midst of the general gloom and pessimism over the state of business, some gleams of light appear, here and there. We note:

That our exports to foreign countries continue to climb, and have reached the highest point since 1930.

That the fine crop prospects in most sections promise a good farm income, and that always means increased general business.

That postal receipts are now increasing slowly but steadily—and that has always been considered a barometer of business.

That there has recently been a slight rise in steel output—and with the new navy program and the new P.W.A. program, it seems certain to rise higher.

That the housing program, after a very slow start, is at last gaining some momentum, and that means more jobs and more demand for materials.

That the great demand from small business men for the new RFC loans indicates an expansion in that quarter.

That, lastly, the depression has not hit every section equally—in some places it has hardly been felt at all. In West Virginia, for instance, the steel mills are all running, working men are well employed, stores are doing good business. And other localities make similar reports.

So—let's cheer up!

PRESIDENTIAL MEMORIAL: Out in South Dakota, on the granite face of Mt. Rushmore, the countenances of three of our great men are taking shape, and a fourth is to be added. The sculptor is Gutson Borglum, and the presidents are Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln (nearing completion), and Theodore Roosevelt, not yet done. The work was authorized by Congress, the Mt. Rushmore National Memorial Commission was formed and given an appropriation of \$250,000. This mountain was chosen because, geologists say, its granite is the hardest known, and therefore most enduring. The faces measure sixty feet from chin to forehead. The illustration on next page gives a fair idea of the heroic size of the heads.

RAILROAD STRIKE?: Hanging over us like a Damoclean sword for the past few months has been the threat of a railroad strike. One million railway employees in the Railway Labor Executives' Association just last month sent this ultimatum to Washington, where the railroad loan bill was being considered: "If the railroad managements insist on going through with their attempts to cut employees' wages fifteen per cent, the ultimate result will be a nation-wide strike." The ultimatum had its desired effect. The bill was withdrawn, to be rewritten: which

means that it will not come up again this session.

Now we may rest easier. A railroad strike is unlikely, not only because of aroused fighting spirit of the union, but because under the Railroad Labor Act, a long and complicated procedure of mediation, arbitration and Presidential intervention must precede any strike.

But while a strike could not possibly develop for some months, the plight of the railroads may become worse daily. The men who man the trains are certainly the poor relations of Labor, and the magnates are not much better off. A recent cartoon has it about right in picturing a silk-hatted rails magnate saying to a tramp at a freight siding, "Brother, please teach me how to ride the rods."

Meanwhile there is to be no help for the railways at this session.

NEW HONORS FOR MRS. CROWELL:

Grace Noll Crowell has been awarded the Golden Scroll Medal of Honor as national poet of Poetry Week. National Poetry Week was founded and organized by Anita Browne, the first medal having been awarded four years ago to Robert Frost. The next went to Edwin Markham, the next to Lizette Woodworth Reese, and the next to Robert Tristram Coffin. So our favorite poet has received quite a distinguished honor—and we know you'll all agree that she deserves it.

OUR NEIGHBORS

MEXICO: In the wild and bloody days of Villa and Huerta and Carranza, two young fellows were serving their apprenticeships in the wild and bloody school of Mexican politics: one of them was Lazaro Cardenas and the other was Saturnino Cedillo.

Cedillo never learned much; today he still has a Villa mind, still thinks of his country in terms of the Villa days. Cardenas learned a lot: he learned that times were changing, and Mexico with them. Today he is President of Mexico; Cedillo is still a petty general in San Luis Potosi, and in rebellion against his former Comrade. They are at war as we write.

Behind all this is the question of oil and land. Cardenas would keep the oil and divide the land among the Mexicans; Cedillo, with his strong-man philosophy, would give them to the highest bidder. Our guess is that ultimately Cardenas will win. Not even Mexico can stand still in this kind of a world.

BRAZIL: In the wee sma' hours of the morning, the President of Brazil, his wife, two sons and two daughters tumbled out of bed and started shooting out of the windows at a crowd of rebels in the palace courtyard. Within forty-eight hours it was all over; 700 "Green Shirts" were in jail, twenty-five were dead and another Brazilian revolt was crushed.

It appears, however, that this isn't just another Brazilian shooting party. It is something more than Brazilian. President Vargas claims to have uncovered documents from Italy urging "energetic support" of the rebels; the revolting army was armed with arms made in Germany, and Brazil's newspapers headline the arrest of Germans in Sao Paulo, which has a large German population.

ABROAD

CZECHOSLOVAKIA: Born just twenty years ago, Czechoslovakia is today the hot spot of Europe. Hottest spot in Czech territory is the Sudeten region, where a 3,200,000 German minority is agitating for "better status," and where the mammoth Skoda munitions works and wide, rich grain fields tempt Hitler.

Troops line the border, incidents occur daily, the spark is near the powder and all Europe is on tiptoe watching it sputter. This much is clear about the whole situation: Hitler will have no such picnic taking over the Czechs as he had taking over Austria. They will fight; their readiness to do that has offered Der Fuehrer his first check. The march of events, however, depends not on what the Czech may do, but on what England and France will do. Will the British lion fight to keep this the front line of Democracy? Will he aid the Czech, who, valiant as he is, is certainly no match for Germany in numbers and resource? Aye, that's the question.

A *Herald-Tribune* correspondent writes his paper that Britain favors "moving the frontier back," and creating a "smaller but sounder Czechoslovakia." That would mean handing over one sixth of Czechoslovakia's territory to Germany. Will this happen, or will the democratic powers draw here the line they must draw somewhere, sooner or later, and say to the aggressor nations, "This far shall you come, and no further?" It all depends on that.

PALESTINE: You'll pardon us for not reporting on the rest of the wars that rack the world; we're tired of it, and the news that Solomon's Red Sea port and shipyard have been dug out of the sand of Palestine affords us a welcome relief.

Near Akaba, known to the Arabs as Tell-el-Kheleifeh and to the Bible as Ezion-geber in the Land of Edom, Solomon had a shipyard where he built the merchant fleet that startled the Queen of Sheba into making a journey just to look at him. The diggers have dug it up; they found fishhooks, spears, ropes, mats, baskets—all, probably, ship's gear.

Scratching the soil, on Mt. Nebo, where Moses viewed the Holy Land, some Franciscan fathers made a find this month: it is an ancient Christian Church referred to by St. Sylvia of Aquitaine, who visited Palestine in 386. Well-preserved mosaics have been found, in which appear the name of Moses. Everywhere, in capitals and pillars, crosses were found. It makes good reading.

CHINA: On Monday morning the paper says, "Four hundred thousand Chinese trapped." On Tuesday, "Four hundred thousand Chinese miraculously escape." Yesterday the Japanese had captured Lanfeng and pressed on to take Kaifeng; today the Chinese have flanked Lanfeng, surrounded 7,000 Japanese! Did you ever try to hold an eel? That's Japan trying to hold China.

At the moment, Japan seems to be having trouble holding Japan. Every major commanding officer in China has been supplanted; last month, there was a whole-

sale shake-up in the Japanese Cabinet, which resulted in a one hundred per cent soldier-Cabinet. They are worried, in Japan, and no wonder. Guerrilla bands of Chinese under Chu Teh are on three sides of Peiping, and other fight-and-run warriors have turned up at Shanghai!

With the fall of Suchow, the war enters a new phase: it will leave the plains of China, and be fought in the hill country. And if the Jap couldn't catch the Chinese on the plain will he ever catch him in the mountains? The only question left now is: how long can Japan keep it up?

It seems certain now that China must win, and with that certainty another question comes into our minds: what is going to happen when it is over? Who will China reward then with her favor? What nation? Said Wellington Koo to the League of Nations, in effect: "Only one nation has aided us." Could he mean . . . Russia?

TEMPERANCE

TRUTH AND THE BREWER: More times than we can count, the brewers have promised to be good—and to start telling the truth. We're still waiting for that to happen. Suppose we compare some of the brewer's statements with the

were when beer came back.

The truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth!

CANADA: "Look at Canada," shout the wets. All right, let's look at Canada, where Barleycorn is supposed to be under control.

Canada's prison population has almost doubled since 1927, moving up from 18,236 convictions for serious offenses to 36,059 convictions in 1936.

Of those accused of the more serious crimes in 1927, 60 per cent of the accused admitted they had been drinking; in 1936, 90 per cent had been drinking.

In Ontario alone, the liquor bill (\$21 per capita) during 1937 reached within 16½ million dollars of the *total expenditure of the government!*

Also in Ontario: Private profit is supposed to be eliminated under government control. Yet 90 per cent of the "beverage rooms" of the province are personally owned and operated for private profit.

Aye, look at Canada.

WINE DOESN'T HURT ANYBODY: We often hear it said that "They drink wine like water in Italy, and it never hurts them. Why, even the kids drink it."

Four thousand school-children in Bres-



Courtesy Look Magazine

Faces of Washington, Jefferson and Lincoln, sculptured on Mt. Rushmore, South Dakota

truth:

The Brewers say: "The tax on beer alone pays the cost of education for every school-child in the U. S. for one year." The truth is: Beer tax in 1937 was approximately \$300,000,000. Cost of public school education was more than six times this figure, or \$2,000,000,000! And America spends \$13.50 per capita for education, and \$40 per capita for booze!

The brewers: "Beer and ale are nature's foods." The truth (from, believe it or not, *The Brewery Age*): "Beer . . . contains no nutritionally significant quantities of any vitamins."

The brewers: "Crime is decreasing." Wow! The truth, according to the Federal Bureau of Investigation: "There were 235 more major crimes per day in 1937 than in 1936, 102.6 per cent more arrests for drunken driving in 1936 than in 1932."

The brewers: "Beer aids industry." The truth: Beer has taken more than nine billion dollars from retail trade in legitimate products, and there are a million more unemployed today than there

cia, Italy, were studied as to their use of alcohol. The following facts were discovered about their school work:

	462 Abstainers Per Cent	1,516 Drink Wine Occasionally Per Cent	2,021 Drink Wine Daily Per Cent
Good Marks....	42.66	30.5	29.0
Fair	53.49	41.8	39.7
Poor:	3.85	27.	30.3

MORE OF THE DRINKING DRIVER: "I predict," said Harry H. Porter, Chief Justice of the Municipal Court of Evanston, Illinois, "that when accurate and complete figures are available upon the relation of alcohol to traffic accidents, upon a national scale, you will find that sixty per cent, or more, of your highway accidents are traceable to the use of alcohol," (we wish he had stopped there, but he added) "*at the wrong time and place.*" (Where is the "right" place?) "This figure may shock you, but I am ready to assure you that every member of the (National Safety) Council feels as I do about the problem. Only nineteen per cent of these drinking drivers are sufficiently in-



Courtesy Covered Wagon Co
One of the Covered

Wagon trailers being used for colporter and missionary work by the American Baptist Publication Society. The one here shown was donated by Mr. John Duveen, of Chicago

toxicated so that, by the old-fashioned tests they could be convicted of drunken driving. The question is, what are we going to do about the other forty-one per cent?"

This writer last night saw a drunken man knocked down and injured by a sober driver. The "drunk" staggered right into the driver's path. That is a variant of the problem, but after all the same old problem; "Booze! What are you going to do about it?"

AND STILL MORE: From January first to September first, last year in Cleveland, there were 217 traffic fatalities; alcohol was a factor in 56.5% of all cases, reports Dr. S. R. Gerber, coroner, who predicts 100,000 accidents next year, plus a financial loss of two billion dollars.

Trying to prevent that, *The Pump Handle*, magazine published by the Cleveland Association of Petroleum Dealers, is asking every filling-station in the city to display this sign: **DRUNKEN DRIVERS WILL NOT BE SERVED.**

OUT!: Last fall we reported that 102 counties in Pennsylvania had voted dry. We are still getting letters asking us "Since when were there 102 counties in the Keystone State?" We apologize.

But there are 102 boroughs and townships in Pennsylvania that have voted dry, and that said last month, when the licenses of the beer-parlor keepers expired, "Out! You're through." And one hundred and two is a goodsized number.

Since the first of June, the total number of dry communities in this State has been 470. Hail, Pennsylvania. Add this, for good measure: In scores of municipalities, mostly the same ones which ruled out beer, the sale of liquor is also stopped as the licenses expire. Hail, hail!

ONTARIO'S BEER FLOOD: The Liquor Control Law in Ontario is working splendidly—for the brewers. Here is the record of beer sales in the "banner province" of Ontario for the past five years:

1933.....	7,500,000	gallons
1934.....	11,800,000	"

1935.....	16,086,000	"
1936.....	21,600,000	"
1937.....	26,145,000	"

In the past year, the alcoholic beverage bill for the 3,500,000 people of Ontario—plus the "tourist trade"—reached \$73,500,000. As one paper remarked, "that seems a rather unhealthy sum for Ontarians and their guests to pay for the assuaging of government-sponsored thirst"—a sort of uncontrolled control, so to speak.

SHORT AND SNAPPY: We have 437,000 legalized liquor stores in the United States now—but then, we have 245,000 churches, too . . . Give the liquor industry enough rope it will eventually hang itself, certainly. But thousands of our boys and girls will be ruined and lost before that happens. Booze must go!

CHURCH NEWS

METHODISTS, SOUTH: Eight million American Methodists have been telling each other that they are now one big Methodist Church. They are—almost. From Nashville comes news that on the very eve of the joining of the "Big Three" branches of Methodism, a charter has been granted to "The Methodist Episcopal Church, South, Inc." It may be a small group, but it is another, new Methodist Church.

The turbulent twenty-six who opposed the joining of the M. E. Church and the M. E. Church, South, have been doing some recruiting—and some planning. First they took their appeal to the Judicial Council of the Southern Methodists, asking it to set aside the merger as illegal. The Council refused; now an Atlanta attorney is mapping out a fight in the civil courts. Before the civil court test, however, the dissenters must meet another test: there is already dissension within their ranks. The "Laymens Organization for the Preservation of the Southern Methodist Church" and the "Loyal Southern Methodists" are squabbling.

That's bad. Small in numbers, they need a united front.

Better news from Dixie Methodism includes these items: The Southern church has completely wiped out a \$600,000 missionary deficit; has elected seven new bishops; has asked the U.S. to bar resources to Japan and has filed a claim against the Japanese government for damage to mission property. They also retired Bishop Cannon, who promptly announced that he would spend the rest of his life fighting whiskey. Who can imagine Bishop Cannon *retiring*?

METHODISTS, NORTH: The Spring Annual Conferences of Northern Methodism have been meeting during the past few weeks. A glance at their actions is a good mirror to the mind of the Methodist preacher. We note:

New York East Conference (called the Bolshevik Conference by those who don't like it) protested against the late war maneuvers on the East coast; called Frank Hague a ruthless dictator, denounced gambling and cocktails and anti-Semitism, condemned treatment of the Jews in Germany, Austria and Poland. New Hampshire Conference voted to withdraw all Conference monies invested in armament factories (such as U. S. Steel). New England Conference passed a resolution backing the Loyalists in Spain. North Indiana Conference condemned propaganda arranged to rouse race hatred. Methodism, evidently, knows what's going on in the world.

TELEVISION: Dr. Bernard Clausen says the day may come when all preaching will be done by television. Some doubt that, but yesterday Bishop G. Bromley Oxnam held a radio communion service in which 1500 churches and at least 50,000 communicants participated. It included many a small church with a "supply pastor" who could not serve communion himself. This is more than a novelty. It is a long step into the future.

CHURCH UNION: The papers are full of Church Union and Czechoslovakia. We cover the Czechs in another part of this department, so let's look here at the moves to join the Church. In Utrecht, Holland, seventy-five leaders of 130 religious bodies, coming from twenty-nine countries to represent 350 million Christians, have approved a constitution for a World Council of Churches which will be, when and if approved by the churches, the most sweeping move for Protestant unification since the Reformation. The Council will have no power to legislate for the churches; it is to promote cooperation and united action.

In Lyons, France, a Constituent Assembly of 111 delegates has brought together more than 600 congregations. Four denominations are involved: the Reformed, Reformed Evangelical, Methodist, and Free Evangelical. The merger was based on a moderate restatement of the historic Calvinism of the Reformed Churches. Read it! It is a work of art and Christian understanding, and it contains just 375 words!

So now we have a Church of France, a Church of Scotland, a United Church of Canada. We have a united Methodism

(almost) in the U. S.; we also have heard a Southerner, elected Moderator of the Northern Presbyterians, hail his election as a tribute to the South, and plead for Presbyterian union. We also have four Lutheran synods out of six merging in Pennsylvania, talk of a united Rural Church in New England, and the formal joining of the Reformed and Evangelical churches this month. Those who have been saying that "Division is the genius of Protestantism" will have to think up a new one.

PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL: Two more Episcopalian bishops (Gardner of New Jersey and Oldham of New York) have issued vigorous statements condemning church gambling in general and bingo in particular. They line up with two other Bishops who have already spoken their minds: George Craig Stewart of Chicago and Benjamin Brewster of Maine.

Bishop Gardner condemned bingo as "savoring of the rackets of the day." Bishop Brewster refuses any longer to countenance "games of chance in any form."

Suffragan Bishop Ludlow, of New Jersey, lashes out at Frank Hague with this: "Let us not express our disgust at the brutality of Nazism and Fascism and remain silent about Hagueism on our own doorstep. They are all of a piece . . ." Friends of Hague now say that "certain churchmen" who have been speaking out against the Mayor will be the next to feel his wrath.

The question of open communion has long plagued the Episcopalians. Forty rectors, members of the New York Chapter of the Liberal Evangelicals have just gone on record as favoring the admission of any person to the Supper regardless of his church affiliation, so long as he professes Christianity. This clashes directly with a statement opposing open communion which was presented with the signatures of 1406 clerical signatures on April 24th to Presiding Bishop Henry St. George Tucker.

Chairman of the meeting of the Liberal Evangelicals was another Tucker: Rev. Beverly D., Richmond rector and brother of the Presiding Bishop.

CONVENTIONS: If we were to report the Church Conferences, Conventions and Assemblies meeting this month, we would have room for nothing else. Every major Protestant denomination is having a national meeting; we suggest that you see your denominational organ, if you are interested in what they do—or don't do.

We wonder how many are vitally interested? *Missions*, a Baptist publication, wonders too, and says this:

"Again there will be a parade of reports and resolutions, so seriously expounded, so totally unremembered. What all this means is that at Milwaukee (where the Northern Baptists are now in session) we shall again behold our panorama of Baptist ecclesiasticism, our annual illusion whereby we smugly assume that every Baptist cause has an adequate hearing so long as a handful of people sit and listen." *Missions* suggests a new four-point program, which includes (1) more courageous moving toward larger church cooperation, (2) a grave concern for the social order, (3) a new, strong, unwaver-

ing missionary enterprise and (4) a recovery of the lost radiance of evangelism.

We submit this for your consideration, in lieu of a detailed report on the Conventions and Assemblies, which you would probably not read anyway.

REFORMED CHURCH IN THE U. S.:

Twenty-one per cent of the members of the Eastern Synod of the Reformed Church in the United States are absolute pacifists, according to a church survey. Representing 7657 members and 125 churches, the twenty-one per cent says: "War is absolutely un-Christian, and I will not take part in any way."

Two per cent went to the opposite ex-

PREACHERS' PELLETS

Less gasoline and fewer movies have made it possible for parents to get back some of the influence they were losing over their children.—Earnest E. Eels.

The ultimate source of happiness lies within a man, and therefore it cannot be inhaled, it must be exhaled.—Jacob J. Sessler.

I cannot believe that a power without moral sense could have created beings with a moral sense. I believe that the absolute, eternally existent, self-sustaining power is not an It but a He.—E. Frank Salmon.

A person's opinion on any subject is valuable because it reveals his character. If you have a low view of life you will always be low. Those who sit in the seats of the scornful always go away scorning.—Joseph R. Sizoo.

The Church, if it willed, could quickly dispose of unemployment. It could set every unemployed man to work for Christ.—Dr. Frank Buchman.

We won't achieve our eternal goal by sitting in an arm chair and taking no part in the fight, even though we never do anything wrong.—Joseph A. Tytheridge.

If at any time, short of the Millennium, the world is ever able to report that it is now quite at home with Christianity, the real fact of the matter at such a time would be that Christianity had ceased to be Christianity.—Dr. John Hutton.

treme: "I believe that my country should extend its rule, by force if necessary, as far over the earth as it can. . . ." Thirty six per cent said they would fight in a defensive war if necessary.

LUTHERANS: In June of 1638 a boatload of Swedish colonists came up the Delaware River, dropped anchor and went ashore to establish the first permanent Lutheran settlement in America. In June of 1938, a stream-lined ship came up the Delaware, stopped at the same spot, and sent ashore Crown Prince Gustav Adolf of Sweden. He comes to help us celebrate the Lutheran Tercentenary.

Across three hundred years, the tiny

band of pioneers in New Sweden has become a Christian army of over nine millions, the third largest Protestant Church in America. Perhaps the greatest tribute we can pay them is to say that they have held fast to the faith of their fathers and kept step with the times. For instance: The National Lutheran Inner Missions Conference this year discussed psychiatry, social diagnosis, and the cooperative movement.

CAN YOU BEAT IT? North Reformed Sunday School, of Watervliet, New York, writes us of a teacher who has been in the school for eighty-six years! And of a Secretary who has served thirty-seven years, a Treasurer thirty-one years, a pianist twenty-five years, a Home Superintendent twenty-one years, a Cradle Roll Supt. twenty years and a pastor thirty-one years.

Whenever, in the past, we have proclaimed such a record, some one immediately cited a better one. Can anybody beat this one?

CONFERENCE OF CHRISTIAN YOUTH: This Conference will be held at Amsterdam, Holland, in August 1939. It will be attended by 1,500 Delegates from all over the world. Organizations officially sharing in the Conference are the World Alliance for International Friendship through the Churches, the Universal Christian Council for Life and Work, the Faith and Order Movement, the International Missionary Council, the World Y.M.C.A., and Y.W.C.A. and the World's Student Christian Federation.

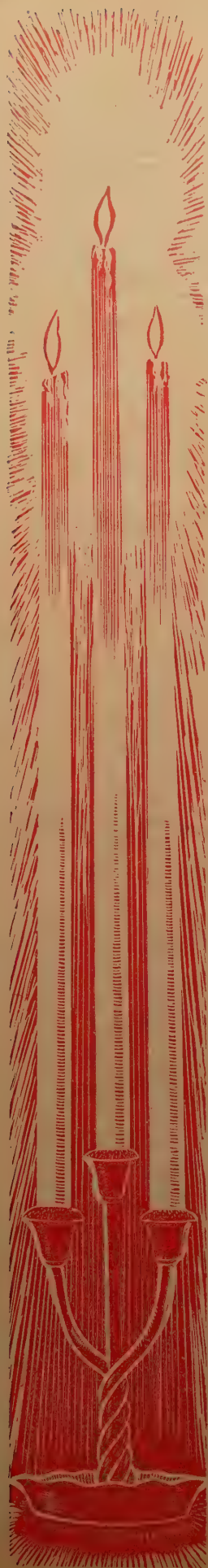
EDUCATION

NEW YORK: An increase of student interest in religion was reported by the National Committee of University Christian Missions, following campus missions at the University of North Carolina and Ohio State University. The Committee reported unusual interest by faculty members, as well as students. "Evidence multiplies in colleges and Universities throughout the country that the time is ripe for a fresh religious movement. Many students are seeking a controlling life-purpose and an inner satisfaction that they do not now possess."

STUDENTS AND RELIGION: The boys at Williams College have up till now had the privilege of attending morning services in village churches, and they received credit when they did. They didn't like that. They wanted a chance to participate in the religious life of the campus. So they protested, demanding that the Sunday chapel service in the college chapel be held in the late afternoon instead of the early morning.

The Dean acquiesced; the trustees announced the appointment of an Episcopalian rector in town as college chaplain, and a late afternoon service in the chapel. Also appointed is Rev. Eugene C. Blake, Presbyterian minister of Albany, to lecture twice a week on "Christian Faith and Life."

All of which goes to show that the college man isn't exactly uninterested in religion.



THE QUIET NIGHT

What is death but a quiet night of sleeping;
All weariness forgotten, and all pain;
Our eyelids closed and shaken of their weeping,
Our bodies waiting strength to come again.

We say goodnight to our beloved, then turning
Go through the shadowy hall and up the stair,
A little light goes out that has been burning,
We watch the stars beyond the window square.
Then soft as nightfall on the meadow flowers,
Sleep comes and bears us dreamlessly away,

And rest is sweet though long or short the hours,
Until we waken, and again 'tis day,
With its strange glory and its sudden splendor,
And, dazzled by the golden light that spills,
We will arise, all lithe and strong and slender
And young again, to climb the glittering hills.

By Grace Noll Crowell

July
1938



CHRISTIAN HERALD

A FAMILY MAGAZINE FOR MEMBERS OF ALL DENOMINATIONS

Caesar, the gladiators, and the early Christians seem to crowd the Colosseum again in this article written on the spot

By
Frank S. Mead

DECORATION BY A. S. TRUEMAN



Ave Caesar

I SAT at midnight last night where Caesar sat eighteen hundred years ago: in the Imperial Box at the Roman Colosseum. A full yellow moon peered down over the top of the ancient ruin, flood-lighting the arena with that eerie light in which ghosts are born. It was so real that I trembled; for down in the pits below, with memory's ears, I could hear the roar of lion and tiger and the clank of Roman armor and the last prayers of Christians about to come up before me and face the beasts and die for Jesus Christ.

With memory's eyes I could see the gladiators come up from their armoring-rooms below. They were big fellows, giants, slaves, lusty brutes who fought for liberty or death. They marched toward

me and Caesar through the deep sand that was soon to soak up their blood; while thousands cheered they raised their sword-arms toward us in Roman salute and with a loud voice they cried, "Ave Caesar, Morituri te Salutamus." Hail, O Caesar, we who are about to die salute thee. Caesar rose to his feet with a goblet of wine in his hand and drank a toast to the health of the people of Rome. Then with a wave of his fat hand he sent the gladiators against each other, with trident and net and sword.

Alas, alas, I could not wait to see who won, for the two gendarmes who had let me in at midnight (for a tip) had never reckoned on this. They never dreamed that I would think of climbing into the Imperial Box. They spied me. They

shouted. They waved their arms wildly, like railroad signals gone berserk. They finally ran toward me and Caesar, and it seemed to me then time to leave Caesar to bargain with them and to shake the dust of this Colosseum from my feet. I shook it. I saw them for the last time as I turned a corner, shaking their fists at my irreverent back. But I thought I heard one of them laugh.

They will forget me, and the tip that evidently wasn't large enough. And I shall forget them. But those few minutes I had alone in the Colosseum at midnight—those will remain. Those tiers of seats, with the populace shouting "Bread and games, Caesar, bread and games." That great moonlit, ghost-filled space before the Box where the gladiators marched and cried "Ave, Caesar. . . ."

I have learned in the streets of modern Rome that this cry has been reborn. The salute to Caesar has come back. The gladiators are gone and so are Nero and Domitian, but a few short hours before this midnight I had seen ten thousand

Fascists in the Piazza Venetia lift their sword-arms in salute to a figure on a balcony and shout with all their might, "Il Duce, Il Duce!" They might as well have been shouting, "Ave Caesar, Morituri. . . ." For they have offered to die, and this Il Duce on his balcony is a Caesar, though the calendar says it is 1938 A. D.

Friend meets friend on the street and the arms fly up; clerks greet their employers with it when they open up shop in the morning. School children greet their teachers with it. I asked a gendarme, "Which way to the Pantheon?" and he gave me the salute before he gave me the information, and afterwards. My waiter greeted me with it in the dining room three times a day; I saw an ash man give it to a streetcar conductor. Ave Caesar!

So this is Rome, in April of '38. Caesar is back. The Roman Empire is undergoing a resurrection, and everybody in sight is furiously interested, or so it seems. The Eternal City and all of Italy are a medley of swords, shovels and surrender.

Swords! In the whole of the United States during the World War I did not see so many swords as I saw in a single day on a single street in Rome. Every other man has one, for every other man is in the army. He carries it proudly to work, to lunch, to dinner, to promenade along the Piazza Esadra in the evening, with his lady on his arm and his young son (in saucy black Fascisti cape and sword) strutting at his heels. Swords and uniforms! Bersaglieri, or "The Sharpshooters," with long cocks-feathers on their hats and the hat cocked over one ear. The King's Guardsmen, with great crested helmets that are a perfect copy of the helmets of Caesar's centurions. Carabinieri, with rakish cap perched over one eye; Fascisti, in black shirts and black fringed cap. Alpino, with one long feather on a green slouch hat. Swords. Guns. Bayonets. Uniforms. Soldiers. Aeroplanes constantly overhead. Bands. Flags. Ave Caesar. This is Italy.

And shovels! There are as many shovels as swords. By order of Il Duce, Italy is digging out, or up, the grandeur that was Rome. Excavators are everywhere—in the Forum, on Palatine Hill, at the Baths of Caracalla. SPQR, the four magic letters once inscribed on the banners of world-conquering Roman Emperors, are now inscribed on dinner plates, window curtains and even on manhole covers; SPQR has been plucked out of the lore of an heroic past and given a meaning in the present tense. The men with the shovels have done it.

And they have been paid for doing it. That's why you seldom hear a working man in Italy say anything against the Fascist regime. He's for it, for it has lifted him higher in the social and economic scale than he has ever been before. A skilled laborer can make more in Italy than a white-collar worker; he makes a thousand lire a month—fifty dollars—while the lowly clerk makes six, seven, eight hundred lire. I met a first-class bookkeeper in Florence who makes a dollar a day, and he was desperately afraid of losing even that. What's more, this white-collar class is "taking it on the chin" for the laborer; it is this class that is taxed heaviest for old age insurance,



Above, Chancellor Hitler of Germany and Premier Mussolini of Italy at the tomb of the Unknown Soldier in Rome. Herr Hitler placed a wreath upon the tomb. On facing page, the arrival of Hitler and Mussolini at Firenze

sick benefits, housing programs. Before Mussolini, this worker was idle and starving; it was his desperate condition that furnished the soil in which Fascism sprouted and grew; it is his bettered condition that keeps Fascism going. Money talks.

Besides, can't everybody see that Il Duce is building an Italy that is ultra-new, "as good as anything in America or London?" New and beautiful office buildings, modern from the steel casements of the penthouses on top to the oil burners in the cellars below. Marble palaces for residence that are fit for Fifth Avenue; and double-decker busses, a la Riverside Drive. Parks, playgrounds, boulevards. And Airports. An air-service

to Everywhere and back. It is happening all over Italy; seasoned travelers who have been here before tell me they can't believe their eyes when they see what Il Duce has done, physically, for Italia. And he has only begun. He arrived in 1920.

And then there is surrender. All Italy seems to have thrown itself at Mussolini's feet. There is mighty little opposition; those who disagree do it in whispers, carefully, guardedly. The outspoken opposers are all in their graves or in New York or Paris. Yes, it was cruel, in Il Duce's early days of power; he stamped them out. It was gangster-politics, and it shocked the world. But Italy seems to have forgotten all that. To the foreign eye, Italy has surrendered. It is a

singing, glad surrender. Whatever democrats there are left in the world may greet it with a shudder, but the Italian greets it with a shout and the Roman salute and the Ave Caesar.

Now the reason for this isn't hard to find. What was Italy after the War? She was exhausted, weak from loss of men and money, and she had won absolutely nothing but a chance to sit in at the "peace table" of Versailles and grab what she could. She didn't grab much; she was outwitted, shortchanged, cheated in the distribution of the spoils. The bitter memory of that has rankled in her heart like a hot coal. The Allies who "won" the War can blame themselves for much that has happened in Italy and Germany since the peace; the wages of international greed are international chaos. We reap what we sowed.

Italy resolved to "get even," and she found she couldn't get even under the leadership of her King. The monarchy was a shabby political hang-over from a more respectable past; the little King,

strongest man. They are bowing now. It is just one more Italian surrender. I found few of them who were conscious of having lost anything, any freedom, any "inborn rights," under Il Duce. They say it is all gain. Perhaps it is. A man who has never enjoyed democracy certainly can't be conscious of having lost it. You can't lose something you never had!

And the Italian has gained a lot. He 'has' had his chin lifted. He isn't walking around any more bemoaning the cheating he got at Versailles; he is walking, no, strutting around now, boasting of the New Roman Empire. He has won two wars since 1918, and he is sure he can win more. That he may lose never occurs to him. Has Il Duce not told him, from that balcony, that he is invincible, that "nobody dares try stop him?" That Italy will take on the world, if need be?

I heard him say that. I stood for an hour in the Piazza Venezia and heard him say that he had the biggest fleet of submarines in the world and the largest navy in salt water, and munitions factories by

he called it "the paper factory." All paper. No gold. The gold went into the conquest of Ethiopia. They have none for another war, particularly war with a first-class power. They are making a desperate attempt to get hold of gold by offering American tourists a fifty per cent reduction in railroad fares in Italy, but it will take a lot of tourists to make a war chest. His credit is bad. Italy can't borrow, much. There are no vast resources of food supply, and what good is an army of nine or ninety million without food? Wasn't it Napoleon who said an army marched on its stomach? He has a distressingly long coast line to defend and a string of over-populated cities on or near the sea, easily reached by enemy aircraft; we saw the scars of air-bombs in Venice, still fresh from the Great War. Il Duce has seen them too. He may shake his fist and rattle his sword, but it is an empty gesture. Or an act. Or a bluff. He's the greatest bluffer in shoe-leather. So far, the bluff has worked.

Neither have the people forgotten Ven-



however we may pity him and his position, was a reed tossed in the wind, a little man, completely unable to put a firm hand on the wheel of the ship of state. At the very moment that collapse and chaos seemed just around the nearest corner, down the road to Rome came the Fascists, led by a man with brains and courage enough to push the out-moded monarchy aside and take over the wheel, and hold it. Whatever else we may say or think of Mussolini, he is one of the strongest and most dominating personalities of modern times; he is certainly the strongest man in Europe. Italy loves a strong man. Italy fell in step behind him. Dictator? Yes. Ruthless? Yes. We loathe that, in America, for, being a democracy, we have never had to put up with it. But let's remember that this is Italy, and *not* America. These people have never lived in a democracy; they haven't the least idea of what the word means. They have always bowed to the

the hundred going full blast day and night and nine million men ready to fight at the drop of the hat. I saw him come out on his balcony and I saw his ten thousand Fascisti go mad. Ten times he returned, to salute them. Ten curtains calls, perfectly staged. He took them like a veteran.

Were you infuriated by that speech? Did you call him a sword-rattler and a maniac? Do you fear for the peace of the world, with him around? Somehow, I cannot. The man's an actor. To see him come out on that balcony and throw out first his jaw and then his arm is to see John Barrymore greet his public. He knows all the gestures, all the tear-jerkers and applause-producers. He pleads, he storms, he bellows and he blasts. But . . . will he go to war? To a *real* war, I mean?

He will not, say those who know over here. How can he? He has no money. A laughing native in Venice pointed out to me the headquarters of the Bank of Italy;

ice and the scars of the Great War. The young soldiers strutting in the streets may want war; the vast bulk of the people of Italy do *not*. They hate it, fear it. Yes, they will line the curb and cheer when Adolf Hitler comes to town next month—they must, for they are surrounded by Fascist soldiers and Fascist spies; but they told me by the score that they will loathe the whole performance, that they detest the seizure of Austria, that they have no stomach or heart for an Italian-German alliance. Never in the world will these two get along as military bedfellows; they are Latin and Teuton, two widely different bloods; they do *not* like each other, and their two dictators can never force them to like each other. And when I asked one fine Italian gentleman how he liked the proposed alliance with Japan, he looked at me in amazement and asked, "Do you really believe that?"

Certainly, they will cheer Hitler. But there are thou- (Continued on page 52)

Right, another in the chain of little log Faith Cabin Libraries—the Oberlin Unit. Below, the girl at the right, a regular visitor to the Cabin Libraries, when she went to college last year read over 100 books in the college library



IT TAKES so little of the material to make a miracle. A boy's lunch, a daub of wet clay, the hem of a garment, a simple "Yea, Lord" . . . a thin dime. Only the faith need be big.

See, then, the glory of a modern miracle. Here is the multitude, not by the Sea of Galilee, but in the backwoods of South Carolina. A hungry multitude, far away from any source of supply. It is not bread they ask for but *books*. Food for thought, sustenance for the growing spirit.

I see tumbled-down cabins in the cotton where a tattered, yellowed newspaper pasted to the walls to keep out the weather is all the reading matter the home affords. I read cold statistics of a Dark South, where only *twenty per cent of eight million negroes* have any access whatever to libraries!

I see cotton-patch schools where one geography book must serve thirty children; countless classrooms where eager students cry—like George Washington Carver, the great negro scientist—"I want to know!" With never so much as an antiquated encyclopedia to take off even the edge of that gnawing intellectual hunger. I see rural teachers and preachers out there in the forgotten place starving for books and good magazines.

And then I seem to hear a gentle voice saying, "Give ye them to eat." Followed by the protests of the practical. "But it is absurd! Look at the size of the crowd! Think of the cost! Where shall we find . . . sufficient for them?"

Again that gentle plea, more insistent now, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Then a modern disciple's voice, hesitant, apologetic, as though ashamed to draw attention to an offering so ridiculously inadequate. "There is a lad here—"

His name is Willie Lee Buffington, a white mill worker. All he has is a dime. But . . . "God makes the miracle," his

The Brotherhood of BOOKS

By Beatrice Plumb

Granny had taught him—if he had faith. With the swift, sure generosity of youth, he puts all that he has into the Master's hand. *Is it enough?*

Ah, that's part of the Power and the Glory—"the sign" we ask for. All around me is the answer! The positive evidence of the Master's multiplying hand.

My desk is heaped with letters, magazine articles, syndicated columns of religious news, yards and yards of press clippings, all testifying to the marvel of the

miracle. Photographs, scrapbooks of step-by-step progress. Commendation of the project from great men in high places—ministers, state educators, editors of local, state and national publications, librarians, college presidents and deans, commissioners of inter-racial cooperation, National Y.M.C.A. executives and missionaries.

And from the backwoods themselves, glowing reports from collegian Buffington, founder-director of the Faith Cabin Library project; from "Uncle Eury," the kindly colored school teacher who was his inspiration when he was that wee lad "Cotton Top," trying so hard to follow his good friend's admonition to "Be a man." Grateful letters from colored preachers, school principals, deans, teachers. And from scores and scores of negro children, little notes which I can hardly read for my tears. It seems all wrong that circumstances should make any child so pathetically thankful for a book to read.

All this is indisputable evidence of what can be done with "a dime and a dream"—plus faith and that contagious Christianity which is more Christ than creed.

All this means that vast companies of that book-hungry multitude are being fed; that thousands of books are going to the cabins in the cotton; that tens of thousands still are needed; that Willie Lee's humble, helpful little libraries are going up in county after county of South Carolina, while in the North, East and West of this good-hearted, if careless, country of ours, colleges, schools, churches, libraries, lodges, clubs, organizations of all sorts are banding themselves into a sort of brotherhood of book-lovers to fill the

The Story of WILLIE BUFFINGTON

IN THE Christmas, 1935, issue we told the story of Willie Lee Buffington, the young white mill-hand who, "with a dream and a dime"—and the faith to remove mountains—set out, in the very depths of the depression, to build a chain of little "Faith Log Cabin Libraries" for his book-starved negro neighbors in the backwoods of South Carolina. Ever since that time we have been receiving letters from interested readers who remember this earnest, likeable young Christian and ask for later news of him. . . . "Has he continued to build his cabin libraries? Did he get his college education . . . the radio . . . the typewriter?" And, from an anxious book-lover on a lonely mountain trail, "Did he get that second-hand car he needed so much? And is good old Uncle Eury still teaching?" This article is a reply to these and countless other kind inquiries.

elves of one unit after another in the old-a-cabin chain.

It was Christmas 1931 when Willie Lee Buffington asked God for the gift of books, the light of learning, for his negro neighbors. The small cotton mill where he worked was running short time. The sadness of empty stockings was still in the backwoods when Willie Lee took his last time and spent it on stamps to mail five letters to five unknown people whom he hoped might love books enough to sympathize with those who had none. He asked in that simple letter, compelling in its quaint sincerity, if they could spare him a book. *Any good book.* It need not be new. One they had finished with. He wanted it for a needy negro neighbor. And

log, stick, stone and nail of it; every hour of labor, every homemade piece of furniture—a joint gift of the whites and negroes of the community. It had a natural rock chimney, an open fireplace; and on the shelves, their treasure! Rows and rows of books! These shelves for the ministers of the nearby negro churches, seeking sermon material. These, for the older students; these, for the little children; these for the parents, looking for something “easy but good” to read.

Today, not six years from the dedication of that first little Faith Cabin Library, named for his mother who died when he was a frail two-year old, there are eleven such units, with a twelfth under way as I write, and another in the offing.

ther's business. His days should be twice as long. He should have wings to his feet. Yet he has not even a car—with one of his newest libraries over a hundred miles away!

There is the glory of a miracle about each link of this astonishing library chain. Inside each little cabin is some spiritual bond that is more than the brotherhood of books. Perhaps each volume comes wrapped in a sort of invisible cover, a glow of the spirit that pervaded the group which collected the books. An unbelievable spirit of human brotherhood!

Think of the miracle of a whole city setting out on a drive to collect books for a cabin in the cotton! Iowa City, Iowa, did just that. Everybody cooperated—Jews, Catholics, Protestants, and people who belonged to no formal creed yet believed in this good cause and upheld it with the right hand of their righteousness. Colleges and schools joined the drive; libraries, churches, clubs, lodges. Newspapers gave generous space. The goal of 2,000 books was quickly reached—and passed! Then reached and passed again . . . and again! Even after their shipment of almost 6,000 books and 1,500 magazines had reached the cottonfields, the enthusiasm of

that midwestern city went right on sizzling. So the special committee became a permanent one, under the name of The Faith Cabin Library Club, the first to be organized; and it continues to send books regularly to “fill the gaps” on the shelves of the Iowa City unit, located at Bettis Academy, Trenton, South Carolina, a high school and junior college, with a grade school also on the campus.

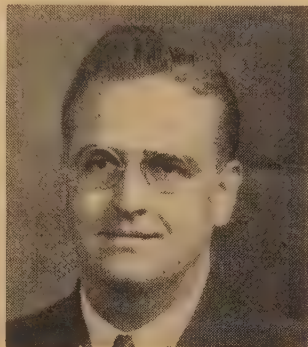
The Rev. Caspar C. Garrigues, President of the Ministerial Association sponsoring the campaign for books, is now a beloved, if invisible, friend at this southern institute of learning, where 300 colored boarding students pay \$8.00 a month, “payable in cash or foodstuffs”; and where, of the other 300 pupils who live in the community, some walk a distance of six or seven miles to school.

“God bless him,” writes Willie Lee Buffington. “He and his Iowa City friends have a mission station here in South Carolina which will serve as a lighthouse for many years, and will live on and on in the hearts and lives of these negro boys and girls. . . . They kneel each night to thank God for their unknown friends.”

The motto tacked up in every Faith Cabin Library is “Others!” The spirit pervading the work could be summed up in one word, too—“Brothers!” Two simple words, but oh, the miracles they have performed!

When I first read that impressive list of Iowa City organizations united in a common cause, I marveled. Baptist, Catholic, Christian, Congregational, Church of Christ Scientist, Episcopal, Jewish, Lutheran, Mennonite, Methodist, Unitarian, Presbyterian; The School of Religion, the University Library, Public Library, the fraternal organizations. What a brotherhood!

A newspaper clipping showed the picture of a pretty little elementary school girl, daughter of a professor, appearing be-



Top, right, Willie Lee Buffington, himself. Top, left, home of Willie Lee, in Greenville, South Carolina. Directly above, students building one of the library units at Bettis Academy

If they couldn't, he added, would they kindly refund the stamp he had used, so that he could write to someone else who might have a book to spare.

“I never doubted,” says Willie Lee. “I knew God would tell someone to answer.”

But for two months no answer came. Then there was the first reply. It was from New York City, from Dr. L. H. King, colored pastor of St. Mark's M. E. Church. He had presented Willie Lee's appeal to his congregation, and “They keenly appreciate your interest in your negro neighbors,” he wrote. “Already we have collected over 800 books, and more are coming each day.”

Two months later, the books, freight repaid, were at the depot. One thousand of them—and he had asked for five!

By the next Christmas, his dream was a reality. The first Faith Cabin Library stood close to the colored school where Uncle Eury taught. It was a gift, every

Twelve libraries, not one with less than 2,000 books, and one—actually!—with 7,000! And on Willie Lee's desk—and on his heart, poor lad—are requests from over a hundred book-starved communities in his native backwoods, beseeching him to give them a library. A cry no book-lover can hear unmoved.

“I am pressed for time,” he wrote me recently from Furman University. “It is more or less of a job to be a husband, father, student, director of Faith Cabin Library, and work on week ends in a grocery store—”

Yet there he sat, patiently answering my many questions. It was long after midnight. Except for the breadwinner, all in that simple four-room bungalow were sound asleep. But he would work until dawn, answering mail, acknowledging books, studying, striving against terrific odds to get an education so that he can be better equipped to be about his Fa-

fore the Kiwanis and Lion's clubs to appeal for books and money for the Faith Cabin Library project. Another told that the Elks had voted a contribution. There was a picture of the enthusiastic committee engineering the drive. Fine faces, all touched with that distinction which comes from within, from what one gives. And, set right in the midst of them, were two little sixth-graders who wanted to lend a hand, too. . . .

The thought of that merging of cultures, creeds, colors into one company fired my imagination. I smiled to think of a little Mennonite scout asking an Episcopal dignitary, "Buddy, can you spare a book?" Finally I wrote to the moving spirit of the campaign, asking him to tell me more about it. His reply was prompt, helpful, courteous. The article, "Joy Bells Ringing" published in *Christian Herald*, he wrote, had first called his attention to Willie Lee Buffington and his mission.

"It was different," he said, "the need

the shipments we had a surplus of funds.

"And we were all touched by the wonderful spirit in which our shipments of books were received by Bettis Academy and by Willie Lee Buffington. I think the first sentence of Willie's first letter after the March shipment, was, '*Again HE makes the miracle!*' And although Bettis Academy already had logs on the campus for the building of the cabin library, the Board decided that for such a gift they must provide a fire-proof structure. Surely it was proving 'more blessed to give' to friends who were so very appreciatively receiving."

And the beloved head of Bettis Academy is rejoicing, too. Willie Lee describes him as a "most delightful negro gentleman, born in slavery, about the time of freedom. For fifty-three years he has sought to lose his life at Bettis Academy that he might find it in the character of boys and girls. . . . The last words he said to me during my recent visit were, 'We are trying to reach the unreached and

desks in the grade school were falling to pieces—and the blackboards mere wrecks. So, suggested Willie Lee, why not use that waste room, and turn the logs into new equipment? Which is an excellent example of the Buffington brand of good sense and cooperation.

Then the Hanover-Dartmouth unit, given by the students of Dartmouth College and other friends of Hanover, N. H., is not a log, but a *shingled* cabin, to match the Teacherage and other buildings of the school. As I write, this delightful little building is being dedicated, and how I wish I could be there! What a happy time they had in Hanover assembling that library of almost three thousand books! Scouts with pushcarts, on bicycles, in cars, canvassed the town. In the dormitories of Dartmouth College an equally thorough canvas was being made, garnering "four hundred very excellent text books, including an encyclopedia." While a less learned collection grew daily and gaily in the grade school lunch room—Bible stories, school readers, picture books, and—I hope—a fairy tale or two, for the little colored children love their Cinderella. Stacked separately were a few well-chosen books to help a progressive negro principal who is organizing courses for adults.

There are inspiring stories, also, behind the Oberlin College Faith Cabin Library; the Abraham Lincoln unit, given by friends of Springfield, Illinois; the A. H. Stamm Library; and the Elyria unit now in the making, under the leadership of a Presbyterian pastor who invited young Buffington to come to Ohio two summers ago and "talk library" to his congregation. Some day I hope I may tell you all these stories. They are so worth telling.

Not all the libraries are given as complete units by a college or civic group. Six of them were made possible by hundreds of small gifts sent by book-lovers throughout the country. A few came from foreign lands; for this brotherhood has no boundary lines.

For instance, after Willie Lee Buffington's work was given Honorable Mention in the *Readers' Digest*—"one of the happiest moments of my life," he says—he received a letter from a Jewish lad in Poland who had read the brief biographical sketch. He begged for a few old textbooks to help him in his study of English.

Willie Lee found the books, but hadn't the money to pay the postage. A few "faculty friends" contributed this, and the parcel was soon on its way to a little book-brother in Poland.

I wish all those who responded to that compassionate plea, "Give ye them to eat," could only know the gratitude of the multitude in South Carolina. I wish all might read some of the letters that cover every spare inch of my desk! They carry a simple appeal there is no withstanding. Thanks from a local preacher who has "returned to school" to better fit himself for the ministry. His teacher, he writes, pointed to a log cabin—the Oberlin unit—telling him to go dig for gold among its books. "I found poetry, history, current events. . . . Thanks be to God for this gold mine! I can preach better sermons because of it."

And from a young user of the same library: "I am a candidate for graduation in May, and to save my life I could not have done so (Continued on page 53)



The completed Iowa City unit of the "Log Cabin Libraries," located at Bettis Academy, Trenton, South Carolina



help the unhelped'. . ."

It was the same fine old gentleman who gave Willie Lee, as his gift to the cause, his first Faith Cabin letter heads. The lad's earliest appeal to me was written on a sheet of President Nicholson's gift stationery. I have it before me. Clear across the top is printed that Excelsior text: "Fear thou not, for I am with thee. Be not dismayed, for I am thy God. I will strengthen thee . . . help thee . . . uphold thee."

I like to think of an old Christian handing that banner to a young one, just starting out on his life's mission.

The Iowa City unit at Bettis Academy is the only library in the chain to be made of cement blocks, although there are others not housed in log cabins. The L. H. King library at Newberry, for instance, is in a specially planned room in the new high school building; while the Bessie L. Drew library is at present housed in a spare classroom of the Chapman Grove school. "It is not log buildings that we are primarily interested in," explains Willie Lee, "but placing the books where there are folks to use them."

The leaders in the Chapman Grove community planned to build a log cabin for their books, had even hauled the logs; but the

back of the appeal so great, the asking so modest, the sincerity so evident, the faith so real and beautiful. It all impressed me as seldom I have been impressed. It seemed to me that surely this young man was being raised up for a great purpose, that God was honoring his faith, that many friends could be and should be enlisted for a cause so filled with possibilities for good, I at once wrote Willie Lee and a short time later placed the appeal before our Iowa City Ministerial Association, of which I had been president for some years."

Then came the launching of the campaign—but let him tell it. "Everybody seemed to want to help. Many people called us up, from the president of the university to the humblest person with only a book or two or a few magazines to give. A little group of school children set out to secure 500 volumes and money for freight. They asked to be allowed to send representatives to meetings of our club, that they might know more about the movement. People from surrounding communities came in, bringing books. The librarian of the city library gave invaluable help by going over all the offerings, superintending the repair of many volumes, discarding any that were not usable.

"The newspapers were very generous in the use of space for our stories; business firms contributed boxes for shipping and sent men to bind these with steel bands. Service clubs joined with churches in raising money for the freight. After each of

Shrine of MOTHER LENOX

By CHARLES M.
SHELDON



THIS little story is supposed to be taken from a Journal kept by the Reverend Dr. Philip Strong, pastor of the Congregational Church in Raymond, Kansas.

Several weeks ago I opened my morning mail, and among many letters was this one:

Reverend Dr. Philip Strong
Raymond, Kansas,
Dear Sir:

Mother died here in the old home night before last. You will remember her as one of the members of your church in the early days of your ministry, and no doubt you have kept the record of her marriage which you officiated. You may remember that our father moved here shortly after their marriage, and this is where we have all grown up. There are four of us, my brother George and myself, and our two sisters, Mary and Alice. Mother never forgot her early girlhood in your parish, and in fact you baptized her when she was seven years old and she joined our church then. She has spoken so often of you and it was her wish and hope that when the end came you might come here for the funeral service. We will, of course, meet all your expenses, and we sincerely hope it will be possible for you to come.

"Our father died when we were small children and Mother had all the care and training of us in ways that to us, as we well upon it, seem like a miracle. She was one of the saints of the earth, and every one here loved her. Another reason why your presence here will be counted a blessing by us is the fact that Mother's own pastor has been called away by the death of his mother and cannot be with us at this time.

"We send you our grateful greetings and our best wishes.

"Very cordially yours,
William Lenox,
Iowa City, Iowa."

I remembered Mrs. Lenox as the girl

I had baptized, and I could not forget her beautiful character as she had grown to young womanhood, a wonderfully enthusiastic member of the Young People's Society, and a loyal and helpful teacher in the Bible School. My records showed correspondence with her husband and herself. He had been the Principal of the High School in Iowa City, where they had made their home, and I remember the grief I had felt at the news of his early death. After that, correspondence had ceased and this news from her older son of the mother's death moved me deeply.

The least service I could render was to go on to the Lenox home, which I did. After the funeral, which was in the house, I came back from the cemetery with the brothers and sisters, and after a simple evening meal, when the few invited guests had gone I found myself seated in the living room with the four children; and as the evening deepened into night there seemed to be a desire on their part to go over the past of their experiences and a willingness to share them with me.

I should have remembered to relate that among the few intimate friends of the family was a Mrs. Clayton, who had helped the sisters prepare the evening meal, and when we were introduced I was told that she was the mother's dearest friend and neighbor. I had noticed the attitude of this friend during the funeral service. It was that of one who felt more keenly than any in the room the sudden loss of one who had been more than a friend, as if she shared in some peculiar way the deep sorrow of brothers and sisters.

I spoke of finding myself in the living room with the four children. But they were grown men and women and, as I soon learned, had children of their own. Like many families they had gradually separated as they grew up, and were in fact living in four different towns in Iowa at the time of their mother's death.

It is a long time since I have seen a finer looking or more interesting group. William, the oldest, was a surgeon; George, a teacher. Mary had been an artist and still followed the choice of her girlhood's ambition. Alice was a writer, and found time in her home for the joy of authorship. All these details I found out as the evening passed, and the record

of the home became a part of the personal memories which I was permitted to share with them.

Let me say a word about the house itself, for houses have personality, and often tell the story of those who have loved and enjoyed and worked and suffered in them.

It was a square-built house, with no pretensions to architectural beauty, but it looked what it was, comfortable and livable. The room where we were sitting was the every day living room. It had that atmosphere that greets you in any real home, not because of the furniture or the pictures or the shape of the room, but because it told the story of a living and loving presence. There was an old-fashioned work basket on a small table by one of the windows that told a story all by itself. It sat there just as the mother had left it, with a partly finished piece of mending, the needle still in the place where the mender had stuck it. The table around which we were sitting had that generous and hospitable appearance which spoke of the kindly looks that had so often beamed across it, and the entire room seemed somehow to express the personality of one who might at any moment come quietly in to greet us. I think the entire house in every room and every part of it told the same story. One felt at home anywhere in it without being told to be.

William was speaking.

"You see, Dr. Strong, we were all born and brought up in this house. Father bought the place shortly after coming here with mother. His insurance was a little help after his death and helped to keep the home going for a time, but for the life of me I never have understood how Mother met all the bills and kept us in school and fed and clothed us and did all the housework—"

Alice spoke up.

"You remember, Will, Mother had a small legacy from Aunt Helen's estate. But it really didn't do much more than pay the taxes."

Mary added.

"She baked the most delicious pies and bread and sold them to families all over town. Have you forgotten that?"

A queer silence fell over the room. How little do grown men and women ever know about what their mothers did for

them when they were small!

The silence was broken by Alice.

"Mother had a gift for exquisite embroidery. Why, the piece I have on was made by her. Have you forgotten the quantity she used to make and—"

"And sell to her friends?" said Mary.

Another silence. I could not help feeling the presence of the woman who was a part of the circle about the table.

George spoke.

"I remember one night, after I had made Mother a lot of trouble tracking up her clean kitchen floor with my muddy shoes, and annoying her in a lot of ways—I was such a thoughtless kid—I went to bed feeling out of sorts with everything and everybody. I fell asleep without any qualms of conscience, but awoke suddenly hearing Mother's voice in her room which was next to mine. She was praying out loud, a habit she had acquired when a child, and I could hear her praying for me. She didn't ask the Lord to punish me for being bad, only prayed that He would help me to be good. I know she had no thought I could hear her, and I never told her I was awake, but a boy never forgets a thing like that. I—"

George broke down, as I had not seen him do at the service, and suddenly bowed over the table and put his head down over his arms.

And again the silence in the room seemed eloquent of her presence and fragrant of her memory.

After a while William began speaking again.

"Mother never preached to us or nagged us. She just made us ashamed of our meanness by showing us how much happier we would be to do right instead of wrong." He waited a moment as if hesitating and not quite sure of another bit of personal history, but finally went on.

"Our regiment at the battle of Belleau Wood had a ghastly time. I have never felt thankful enough that George was not old enough to get into it. I don't like to remember that day. But after we had cleaned up our sector we were ordered back to the artillery base, and of course we never knew why any move was made, except the move we were expected to make in order to keep from getting killed while we killed as many as possible. I can't remember how many of our company were killed outright, but some we succeeded in taking back with us were just fragments of human beings. I don't want to think of it, but I'm telling it because there was one group that had been buddies and came out alive. I had been going with that bunch and that night while we were at the artillery base we were ordered to a three days rest in Paris.

"Of course we never knew where orders came from or why, but we surely had been through hell for an awful time and it seemed like heaven just to hear the word Paris. When we finally got billeted in rough quarters near St. Antoine, the boys kept talking about what a great time they were going to have during the lay off 'down town,' as they called it. I had got used to the rough and vulgar talk in spite of all the home training, and I tried to keep saying to myself of course we can't keep up all the old home standards here in the midst of this awful mess. We are entitled to all the fun we can get. We may be dead tomorrow like

those poor beggars we saw blown into bloody bits when we ran into that unseen nest of German machine guns.

"So I had made up my mind to let loose and have my fling with the rest of the gang, when, just as we were getting ready to leave our billet, the soldiers' mail came in. That was always a mystery to us, how the carriers ever knew how to find us, but they did, and a lot of letters from home were flung into our company number. The minute I got mine I spotted the one from Mother. I tell you I was afraid to open it. I had made up my mind that I would do what the rest did, and I was afraid that something would interfere.

"But something greater than my fear grabbed me by the throat, and while the other fellows were reading their letters and the fellows who hadn't any were looking like lost souls, I went off into a corner and opened Mother's letter.

"She wrote as she always did, the bright cheerful happenings, all the home gossip about the girls and George, and she sent me some snap shots of them and herself standing out here in front of the house. My! But you girls did look pretty! And you have kept your good looks wonderfully. How do you do it? But you couldn't compare for a minute with Mother. She stood there between you and didn't look ten years older. She was a lovely lady, if ever there was one. And I sat there after reading the news, looking at those snap shots, and Oh, I was hungry, hungry for home.

"And then I went on to finish the letter. I know it by heart. Mother wrote: 'I don't know about the details of your life, over there, and you don't say anything in your letters about anything dreadful, but I know there are terrible things, for that is what war is; but of one thing I feel very sure you will not lower your standards of conduct. You know I have always trusted you, Will, to be the same away from home as if you were here, and I am not afraid for you. I know you will keep your soul and body unspotted from the world. May the love of God through Christ bless and keep you wherever you are and whatever you do, is the daily and nightly prayer of your Mother.'

"Well, I sat there in the corner while the fellows were noisily getting up to go out.

"Come on Bill, old man!" they shouted.

"I'm not going," I said.

"Aw come on. Only once in a lifetime. Come on, Bill!"

"No!" I said. "Leave me alone! Leave me alone!"

"And they left me alone. But I was not alone. I tell you that dingy billet cluttered up with our dirty old kits seemed all lighted up with glory. If Mother had come in then I would not have been surprised. Indeed I shall always believe that she did."

Another silence. George had lifted up his head.

"After all, it was Mother's religion that kept us from going on the rocks. She brought us up on the Bible. Dr. Strong, I don't believe there is another group of men and women in Iowa City that has heard more Bible read out loud at family prayers every morning than us four."

"Yes, and do you remember how Mother

Mother brought us up on the Bible. She read the Bible and held family prayers morning and night. And she rocked us all to sleep in this same chair"*

Illustrator EARL WINSLOW

er used to read Pilgrim's Progress to us Sunday afternoons? Those people were real to her and they became real to us like all the Bible characters," said Mary.

"I love to think of the songs Mother taught us, and the old hymns she used to hum around the house while in the kitchen or upstairs while making up the beds and doing the day's work," said Alice.

"To think, we were all rocked to sleep in the same chair. Why, you are sitting in it now, Mary."

"I know I am," said Mary while a tear glistened on her cheek. "I love it, and I often wish I had it at home to hold my babies in it. Do you remember that old Watts hymn Mother sang over us?"

"Hush my babe, lie still and slumber
Holy angels guard thy bed."

And she hummed it softly.

It seemed to me for a moment as if the figures in that sitting room faded out of the picture, and all I saw was Mother Lenox sitting there in that old rocker, with its carved walnut back and sturdy arms, holding in her own arms one of these boys or girls when they were babies. And when the tax assessor asks us what are your chairs worth what shall we be able to tell him about the one in which Mother held us when we were little?

"Mother really believed in angels," said George. "And how does any one know they were not around while Mother was singing over us?"

"Angels sang when Jesus was born and he believed in angels," said Mary.

"And the Bible talks about them," said William. "That settles it for me." Then after a moment in another silence (and these silences were to me almost more eloquent than any thing that was spoken) "Looking at that chair Mary is sitting in makes me think about wanting to take something home that Mother loved and used. I believe we would all say that the chair ought to stay here. It belongs to the house. But if the rest of you don't object I would like to have Mother's Bible. It lies on her desk over there just where she always kept it, right where she could take it up and read it any time."

"I believe I want something Mother handled every day. There was her napkin ring, Father gave her on one of her birthdays. Both their initials are carved on it," said George.

Mary was looking over at the work basket by the window. "It makes me think of her as she would so often sit there mending something for us. I don't want to change a thing about it. Just keep it the way it looks now."

"And I want the writing desk with the



funny pigeon holes and the folding doors over them," said Alice. She got up from where she was sitting and walked slowly over to the little desk, and I took occasion to ask William who seemed to represent the group, as he was the oldest, "May I ask what you are planning to do with this house? It is a very precious spot to you. You don't plan to rent it, do you?"

George spoke before William could answer.

"Rent it? Rent this house? Dr. Strong, you don't suppose we would rent this

place to strangers, do you? We don't want to rent it to any one."

"Well you see, Doctor," said William, "we haven't any of us had time to think out a plan for the house. Mother died before we could reach home. She insisted on making this house her home ever since we all left the nest and made homes of our own. When our children were born, Mother would come and stay with each one of us for a little while and then back she would go to this place. She was perfectly well, and able to take care

of herself with the help of a maid to come in and do the heavy work part of a day, and of course we have been able to see that she didn't want for anything. She never made a will, but she talked to us at times about the property and under the law, at her death it all comes to us to be divided equally. But the last thing in the world that we want to do is to sell this place or rent it, and I think we all feel as if we want it to stay just as it is and be able to come back to it whenever we feel like being children again, or whenever we need a good rest from the noisy and bothersome world. A sort of shrine, we have in our minds to call it."

"But of course an empty house goes to pieces pretty fast. You will have to have a caretaker or some one to look after it."

"Yes, I suppose we will," said William slowly. "But somehow we dislike to think of strange hands around here. Every single thing in the house and out in the grounds are dear to us."

And at that point, Alice who had been looking over the Mother's writing desk, exclaimed, "Here's a letter in Mother's Bible that is addressed to you, Will. I had just opened her Bible when this fell out."

She brought the letter over to her brother, and I could see his hand tremble as he took it from her. I knew his mind was leaping back to that rough billet at St. Antoine where that other letter had been thrown in.

Alice sat down and we all leaned forward while William, after laying the Bible gently down on the table, opened the double sheet of letter paper. He looked at it a moment, and then said:

"It must be the last thing Mother ever wrote, and this is all it says. 'Dear Will. I wish you and the others' (when Mother said 'others' Dr. Strong, she meant all four of us), 'I wish you and the others would try to do something for my dearest friend, Mrs. Clayton. She has lost—'

"That's all she wrote. She has lost—lost what?"

No one said anything, and I ventured to say, "There are plenty of people in my parish who have lost everything except their reputations. I mean they have lost all their money placed in investments that have gone glimmering. The list is as large as the nation. Perhaps that is what your mother meant. Perhaps her dearest friend, Mrs. Clayton, has lost her home and all she invested."

"Do you think so!" cried Mary. "Why how dreadful! She is the dearest woman. Mother never wrote us a letter that she didn't mention her, as a neighbor and a friend. She lives right across the street. I wonder—"

William stood up. "Yes, I wonder. Girls do you think it is too late to ask Mrs. Clayton to come over here? See if there is a light in her house, will you?"

Mary and Alice went into the front room and raised the shade. "Yes, she's there. What shall we do, go over? Do you remember we heard her say she had taken her phone out?"

"Yes," said William, "go over and ask her to come. Tell her we want to see her about a matter in which Mother was interested."

(This is the first instalment of a two-part story by Dr. Sheldon. The second part will appear in the next issue.)

DENMARK, TOO, Celebrates the Fourth

By Enok Mortensen



THROUGH a period of more than twenty-five years, the largest Fourth of July celebrations outside the United States have been held at Rebild National Park in Denmark. This fact grows in significance when one remembers that Denmark, obviously, has no political connections with United States; that it owes us no war debt; and that its own independence day, *Grundlovsdagen*, falls on the fifth of June.

In 1934, the attendance reached a peak of 40,000. Since that day marked the twenty-fifth anniversary of the custom, it was to be an event of signal importance. For weeks, even months, the newspapers had written about it. The radio had broadcast its significance. Every hotel room in the vicinity had been reserved. Local people slept on couches, parked in hallways or kitchens and rented out all available space to visitors. Every automobile was turned into a temporary taxi, and for miles around all roads were filled with happy, expectant participants. The streets of nearby towns were avenues of flags. I failed to see a farm, or a house, or a pop stand, which did not flaunt Old Glory or *Dannebrog*, the beautiful Danish flag.

From all parts of Denmark people came. Most of the forty-eight American states sent visitors. There were immigrants returning to their native land after an absence of fifty years or more; there were Danes by the thousands who had never seen America; and there was an old woman in homespun skirt and crocheted lace bodice who spoke as knowingly and as lovingly of Chicago as a Loop newsboy. She had never been there; would never think of going there; but she had sent five sons across the sea. And so an integral part of her belonged to America. There were young, eager faces whose eyes were turned westward and whose every dream spelt America.

Along lanes and highways they came; some walking, some by auto, some using that popular Danish vehicle, the bicycle; and the rest arriving by trains whose extra coaches were packed beyond the usual conservative limit.

It is past noon before I reach the park. Elbowing my way through the crowds I climb the top of a hill, lending a perfect view of the festive scene. An avalanche of humanity comes surging over the rim of the knoll across the ravine. Slowly, incessantly they flow down into the gully, finding seats in the heathered slopes rising from the speaker's platform in a huge, natural amphitheater. The bottom of the



At right, 40,000 Danes and Americans assembled in Rebild National Park, Denmark, to celebrate the Fourth of July Festival. Above, Dr. Henry Goddard Leach addressing the Fourth of July assemblage, while Dr. Max Henius looks on

"kettle" and the surrounding hillsides are now carpeted as with a gayly-colored quilt. Flags are flying everywhere. The speaker's stand is flanked by Old Glory on one side, *Dannebrog* on the other. From the gate of the park to the platform are planted the flags of nearly every American state. The California Bear is there, and the Lone Star of Texas.

People are talking and singing; they are chattering and shouting. Aalborg town band plays medleys of national anthems. A roaring aeroplane is outlined against the blue sky and disappears presently behind a fleecy white cloud. I edge my way down toward the center of activities just as the royal party arrives. The king leads the procession. Being six feet, four inches, he is easily the tallest man in his own kingdom. And he is as popular as he is tall. As usual he is unguarded. Down the narrow path he bows and smiles and salutes his way, followed by the royal

family, the American minister and other dignitaries.

After the singing of *King Christian* and *The Star Spangled Banner* the sluices of oratory are opened wide. The local president of the park board bids welcome. The king speaks. Mrs. Ruth Bryan Owen, then minister to Denmark and now, by marriage, *Kammerjunkerinde* Rohde, reads the following message from President Roosevelt:

"I have learned with much interest and pleasure of the celebration of the anniversary of the Independence Day of the United States which is to be held in Denmark at Rebild National Park, with participation by American citizens of Danish birth or descent, some of whom may possibly have been instrumental in founding this remarkable international monument.

"It seems singularly fitting, and of good augury for the future of international re-

relationships, that the commemoration of this milestone in the progress of the American people toward a fuller expression of their national and individual life should find a sympathetic response in the land of origin of many of my fellow-citizens.

"It is my belief that the Americans assembled at Rebild Park may, by serving as interpreters between their lands of origin and of adoption, do much to encourage the growth of helpful understanding, and advance the cause of good will throughout the world."

The applause following this salute is as loud as it is sincere. But now the great Wagnerian tenor of Metropolitan and world fame, Lauritz Melchior, sings. The Royal Ballét entertains with a group of lovely interpretations, strikingly fitting for the occasion. There is more oratory. Giant amplifiers carry the voices to every nook and crevice of the park. Through a

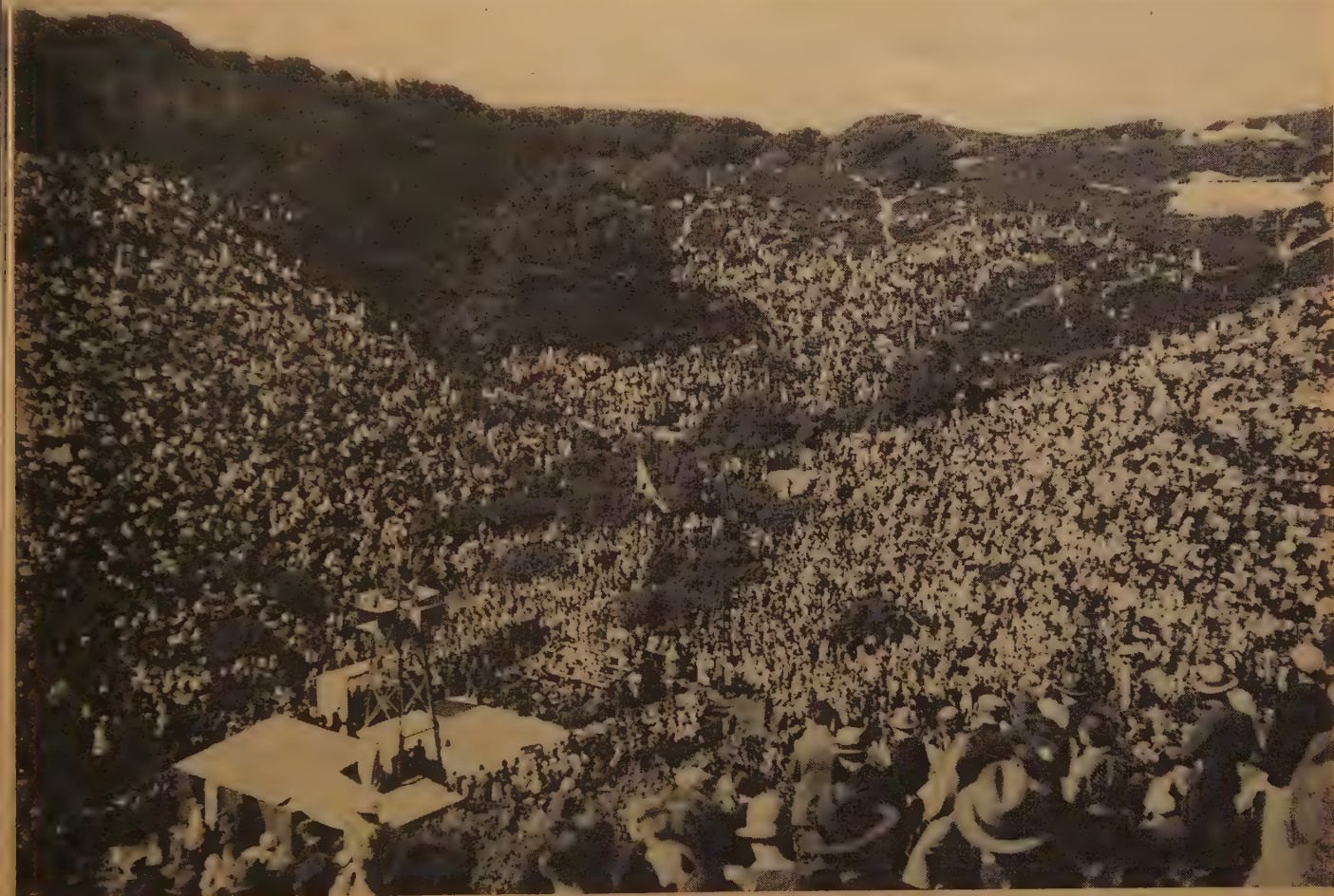
singing under a canopy of exploding rockets and bursting bombs in spectacular fireworks.

Surely, this Fourth of July celebration is most unique. To my knowledge Rebild is the only natural park anywhere established specifically as a site for Independence Day observances. Certainly there is no place outside the United States where the occasion is celebrated year after year by so many people and with so much enthusiasm.

The programs presented are interesting. When I first visited Rebild, in 1928, a band, consisting of an aged villager and his seven sons, furnished delightful entertainment. Frequently non-professional folk dancers in quaint, colorful costumes offer old fashioned reels, minuets and mazurkas to the delight of all. Last year 15,000 people braved the rain and applauded Rolling Thunder, a native American In-

group of his fellow countrymen to his home and there presented plans resulting in the formation of the Danish-American Association.

This organization decided to sponsor a Danish-American Day at the national exposition to be held at Aarhus the following year. Thus the Fourth of July, 1909, found more than 1,100 Danish-born Americans and their friends assembled for the first American Independence Day celebration on Danish soil. Plans were immediately made to repeat the occasion in years to come. At the suggestion of the late Dr. Max Henius, then a prominent chemist and civic leader in Chicago, a tract of moorland in the northern part of Jutland was purchased. The money was raised by popular subscription. In that way Rebild National Park came into existence, a gift not from a limited group of wealthy men who courted fame but from thou-



nation-wide hookup the radio brings the main part of the program to millions of listeners in the United States. Peter Freuchen, author and explorer, gives a talk that brings tears to the eyes of thousands and laughter that lingers among the hills. Prime Minister Stauning speaks in sonorous tones. Representatives of various American organizations speak. Everybody speaks. And everybody sings. There is community singing, and how people here can sing! They keep on even after the official program is over and as they spread their picnic lunches in the heather. They sing while they trot or paddle their way home to the local chores or as they flock to the popular resorts of nearby Aalborg, where the festival closes with community

dian, as he exhibited ceremonial dances of his tribe.

The speakers as well as the artists are selected with great care. Of those who have stood on the platform at Rebild may be mentioned the Danish king, Dr. Henry Goddard Leach, at present editor of *Forum*, George Brandes, the late eminent critic, Johs V. Jensen, Denmark's foremost author, and Jacob Riis, the late journalist and humanitarian.

The idea of a Danish celebration of the Fourth grew out of a desire for closer cultural relationships between the Danish people and their emigrated sons and daughters in America. In 1905, Ivar Kirkegaard, editor of a Danish-language weekly in Racine, Wisconsin, invited a

sands of unknown Danish-born Americans to their mother country.

Governed by a board, consisting of twenty-five Americans and fifteen Danes, the park now covers almost 400 acres. Situated about fifteen miles from the ancient seaport of Aalborg it constitutes the largest uncultivated tract of moorland in fertile Denmark. Its natural, desolate barrenness is carefully preserved. One may walk for hours and enjoy its serene tranquillity, the somber hues and the delicate fragrance of the purple heather, the rapturous songs of the skylarks winging their way toward the blue sky above.

The only building erected in the park proper is the Lincoln Log Cabin. Dr. (Continued on page 52)



By

FARNSWORTH CROWDER

S T A T I S T I C A L L Y, the most extraordinary speech of all time was a collection of two dozen true stories woven into an inspirational lecture called *Acres of Diamonds*. It had a "run" of fifty years; it was repeated no less than 6000 times to an audience of millions throughout the world. It crowded little provincial churches and packed the largest auditoriums in the biggest cities. It hypnotized gatherings of the widest diversity, from handfuls of prairie homesteaders in crossroads school houses to metropolitan assemblies of the elect. It drew fees ranging from a chicken dinner to \$9000. Its net earnings, conservatively husbanded, easily could have built for its author a fortune of five millions. That it did nothing of the sort was due to the fact that, as rapidly as the money rolled in, the author gave it away. During certain long periods, though he was making tens of thousands, he would rarely have more than a hundred ready dollars of his own at one time. Russell Herman Conwell was "America's penniless millionaire."

His fabulous lecture was a defense, by means of anecdotes, of the theme that the world is a vast acreage strewn with diamonds. The wise man snatches up, the dull stone that others have been kicking around. He chips a corner to find an eye of blue-white fire looking at him and then laboriously polishes it down to the form of a splendid jewel.

Opportunity, said Conwell, is no chance visitor who knocks but once and flees. It stands, very possibly, in our own boots, wearing our own socks. It is in our own back yard. It sits on the door step beside the milk bottle, waiting to be brought in. It is here, now; not over the horizon, tomorrow. It wanders about in unlikely and forlorn and even trampish guises, while heedless people kick it aside in their frantic rush to find a spectacular golden goddess called Luck.

With respect to this particular deity, Russell Conwell was an atheist. "The most hopeless proposition in the world," he would say, "is the fellow who thinks that success is a door through which he will sometime stumble if he roams around long enough." Good Luck he would de-

The famous lecture, *Acres of Diamonds*, was heard by millions, and took in millions of dollars—yet left its author a poor man, because he gave the money away

AMERICA'S PENNILESS MILLIONAIRE

fine as a product of purpose, will, training and industry; Bad Luck as a face-saving excuse rather than an explanation. Golden Apples were to him a harvest from hard work, not chance sports on neglected trees.

To support his thesis, he scarcely could have found a more pat illustration than his own life. He mined and minted his own Good Luck. It was said of him that he could see the promise and design of a mountain in a molehill and then bring the mountain into being. He uncovered opportunities on the most unexpected and discouraging sites. He could snatch up thin suggestions and develop them into monuments.

From earliest youth, he seemed to realize, with some compelling intuitive wisdom, that he must make the best of whatever raw material was under his own hat and within immediate reach of his hands. He might have to live in poverty on a Massachusetts rock pile that his father called a farm. He might have to get up at four in the morning and work like a man. There might be no well-staffed neighborhood school with a rich curriculum. But he could learn to read. He carried a book wherever he went, down the furrows, to the pasture, out to the barn. It was a habit he never broke and never ceased to advocate: "Remember, you can carry a university in your coat pocket."

He so far developed the power to read, and with it his memory, that he could fix a page in mind and later recall it, word for word, as if he held the book in his hand. The capacity of his memory became an astonishment to his friends: though he believed he had only an average memory given an extraordinary discipline.

He never allowed it to break training. He never practiced the gentle vices of loafing and wool-gathering. During his services with the Union Army, he employed idle hours to commit the whole of Blackstone. Years later, while commuting by train to and from his law offices in Boston, he learned to read five languages.

No time, no occasion, no suggestion was ever left unexploited. As a boy, he made the farm livestock his first audience. The power, as orator and preacher, which was to make him the platform peer of William J. Bryan, was first exercised in the chicken house.

By the time he entered Yale College, his habits of application and self-command, enabled him to carry the academic

and law courses simultaneously, while supporting himself with employment in a New Haven hotel. When the Civil War broke, it was as if he had anticipated the opportunity to become "the recruiting orator of the Berkshires." He raised and captained the Mountain Boys of Massachusetts and was later returned from the South to assemble a company of artillery.

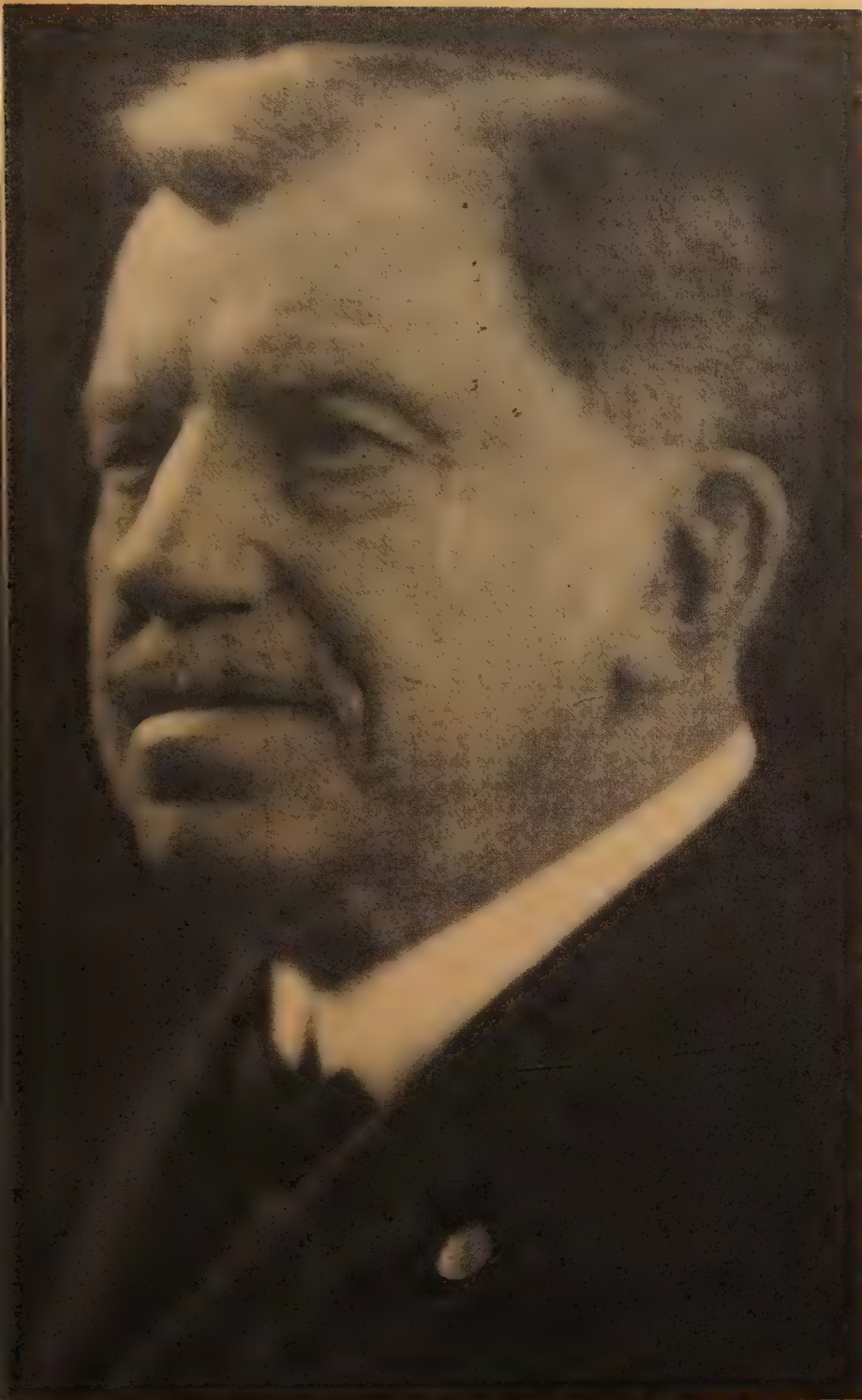
There is an event of his military service which demonstrates his facility for laying hold of symbols, suggestions and incidents and fixing them tenaciously into the dynamic pattern of his life. A diminutive orderly, John Ring, attached to the company, became profoundly devoted to big fine-looking Captain Conwell—and to the Captain's sword, which represented, to John, both his beloved officer and all the glory of war. One day, near New Bern, a surprise Confederate advance routed the company from its position. Retreating across a river, the men fired a wooden bridge to cut off their pursuers. They had also cut off escape for their orderly: Johnnie Ring had dashed back to bring the Captain's sword. He appeared with it at last and gained the blazing bridge. But with clothes in flames he fell into the river. Dragged out and returned to consciousness, his first thought was for his Captain and the sword. He smiled to find it safe beside him, took it in his arms and died.

"When I stood over his body," Conwell recollected, "and realized that he had died for love of me, I made a vow that I would live, thereafter, not only my own life, but also the life of John Ring, that it might not be lost."

And from then on, for sixty years, Russell Conwell literally worked a double day—eight hours for himself and eight for Johnnie. And always over the head of his bed hung the sword to keep bright his extravagant vow. That he kept it, one can well believe after a glance at a mere catalogue of his activities.

Following a European interlude to recover his health, broken by war injuries, he settled down to an intensive, versatile career in Boston. He opened two law offices in Boston. He lectured. He launched the Boston Young Men's Congress. He wrote editorials for the *Traveler*, corresponded for outside newspapers and went abroad frequently to interview celebrities. He managed a political campaign. He made money in real estate. He founded the *Journal* in suburban Somerville and maintained a free legal clinic for the poor.

Conwell had lost his first wife and had



RUSSELL H. CONWELL

married again, a woman who freshened his interest in religious work. One day, an elderly lady visited his office for legal counsel on selling a distressed church property in Lexington. To give his advice, he journeyed out to a meeting of the discouraged and pastorless congregation. There was such melancholy in the little group, some of whom had worshiped there all their lives, that Conwell was moved to blurt, "Why sell it? Why not start over again!"

They objected that the structure was too dilapidated and money too dear. But young Conwell's eye for the hidden chance was wide awake and challenged. "You can make repairs," he shouted. "I'll help you!"

On the appointed day he borrowed tools and came out. No one else showed up, but he pitched in on the rickety front steps. A livery-stable proprietor of the town paused to ask what he was going to do. "Build a new church," Conwell answered. They fell to chatting and before he left, the man had pledged \$100 toward a new building.

It was all the prospect that Russell Conwell needed to set imagination and energy to working. He made the hundred-dollar kernel grow. While the new church was going up, he preached to the congregation in rented rooms. Within eighteen months he had been ordained as their minister and had built around them a flourishing institution.

From Lexington he was invited to another hapless debt-ridden little church in Philadelphia. He accepted and, characteristically, saw great possibilities in the discouraging new scene. The salary offered him was only \$800, but the trustees stipulated that every time he could double the congregation, they would match the feat with a doubled salary. Six weeks after taking charge, Conwell had done it. Within six years he was drawing \$10,000. Thereafter, he mercifully excused the trustees from their agreement. Had he held them to it, his salary would have climbed to over \$25,000.

The popularity of his services was soon straining the capacity of the auditorium. One Sunday, from the many being turned away, he rescued a particularly unhappy little girl and saw her to a place inside. She was so grateful for the kindness and so distressed at the smallness of the room that she resolved to save her money for a building that would be big enough. Before she had advanced far on her grand project, she died. Her father turned over her fund, just fifty-seven cents in pennies.

Conwell reported the gift to his trustees. They were touched, but he was inspired. If \$100 could be the nucleus of a building fund in Lexington, fifty-seven cents could do similar duty in Philadelphia! Accordingly, he went to the owner of a certain fine lot on Broad Street. The price was \$10,000. Conwell made the outrageous offer of a down payment of fifty-seven cents. It was accepted. In due time the balance was paid off and upon that property, in 1891, was dedicated the largest church auditorium of its day.

The design of Russell Conwell's achievements might be called horticultural—the discovery of a seed; and uncanny insight into its fertility; a prodigious amount of work to make it grow.

From the modest ambitions of a young man came a university. Conwell was solicited for advice by a student who wanted to better his education, but was handicapped by having little money and a mother to support. As to all such, Conwell's first admonition was: "Read. Make a traveling library of your pocket." And then he added: "Come to me one evening a week and I'll begin teaching you to be a minister myself."

The first week, the student appeared with six friends in tow. The second week, forty were in the class. More volunteer teachers had to be invited. A house was rented. By the end of the first year, 250 were studying in this informal night college. A second house was hired. Buildings rose beside the great Temple church into the physical form of Temple University. "Our aim from the first," said President Conwell, "was to give education to those unable to get it through the usual channels." He lived to see more than 100,000 such pupils take work in his school.

Similar and equally unpretentious was Conwell's founding of Philadelphia's big Samaritan Hospital. Two rented rooms, one nurse, one patient. That was all. But it was enough for a beginning. In its expansion, the Samaritan acquired Goodheart Hospital and Garretson in the industrial quarter of the city and all became affiliated with Temple University.

But the heading (*Turn to next page*)

(Continued from page 25)

up of a huge institutional church, a University and three hospitals was not enough for the dual capacities of Russell Conwell-Johnnie Ring. Out of the daily stint of sixteen hours was found the time to go on the platform for more than 8000 lectures—usually *Acres of Diamonds*; to maintain contacts with scores of the leading men of his time and with hundreds of the boys and girls he was helping through school; and to write thirty-seven volumes—biographies, travel books and legal treatises. In authorship, his vast reading and disciplined memory served him like a reference library. It was told that, on the train between lecture dates, without notes or books, he dictated a best-selling biography of Charles H. Spurgeon, the eminent evangelist, in twelve days.

His famous lecture was one more work developed from a rudiment. Any number of people might have heard—did hear—the story which an Arab guide along the Euphrates River was fond of telling. They might have thought it interesting, even worthy a place in their repertoire of traveler's tales. But to Russell Conwell's ears, it was dramatically suggestive; its lesson squared with his own philosophy of success; it could be made the germinal anecdote of a strong lecture.

The Arab's story was that of the wealthy and contented farmer, Ali Hafed, who was made to feel wretchedly poor and miserable by a visitor who infected him with a passion for diamonds. So covetous did Ali become that he sold the farm, abandoned his family and set out to prospect the world. And while he found no precious stones and at last threw his spent and starving body into the sea, the man who had purchased his farm discovered along its familiar stream beds the diamond mines of Golconda. "Ali would have been better off to remain at home and dig in his own cellar."

Throughout his lecture, Conwell hammered with his massive force at that simple moral. The impact of the message on many lives was crucial. As the years went by, testimonials poured in on him from governors, mayors, teachers, merchants, engineers and professionals, thanking him for the impetus his lecture had given their lives.

And from the thousands of college young people benefited by his largess came testimonials even more gratifying. Conwell was only thirty-three, and far from rich, when he determined to devote the proceeds of his lecturing to students fighting the kind of material odds and social discriminations he had experienced at Yale. His program of donations was continued for over forty years. He always kept a list of candidates for aid, most of them recommended by college presidents. His one rigid and unvarying requirement before extending help was that a student must be trying to help himself. He wanted his gifts to be, not chance windfalls, but premiums for diligent effort already made.

When, in 1925, Russell Conwell entered his eighty-second and last year, with all his enormous work behind him, books written, institutions founded and prospering, honors, degrees, prizes and medals to his name, there was one old-man satisfaction that he could not have. He could not mull over hugebank accounts and vast

accumulated investments. He had distributed his fortune as he made it. He remarked, shortly before his death, that his riches lay in the men and women he had started on the road to accomplishment and happiness; and that was all, in the way of assets, he needed now.



These are some of the most effective stories from Dr. Conwell's famous lecture:

Ali Hafed owned a very large farm, and had orchards, grain fields, and large gar-



The Home I Love

By Rawley Lemley

Lord, I love a little home
To which my weary feet can come
When twilight hours are near;
A shining light to welcome me;
Some blossoms by my door to see;
A smile from faces dear.

Crisp, snowy window curtains, too,
Through which I glimpse a sky of blue;
A merry song to hear;
The sound of little, running feet,
The sparkle of glad eyes to greet,
A welcome, ringing clear!

Tall trees to bend above my head;
A moon that shines down on my bed;
Some neighbors, 'cross the way;
A calm retreat when things annoy;
Some books, some music to enjoy;
A home where love holds sway.



dens; he had money at interest, and was a wealthy and contented man.

But one day an ancient Buddhist priest came by, and he told Ali Hafed about diamonds. . . . that if he had but one diamond the size of his thumb, he could purchase the county, and if he had a mine of diamonds he could place his children upon thrones. . . .

Ali Hafed went to bed that night a poor man. He had not lost anything, but he was poor because he was discontented, and discontented because he feared he was poor. "I want a mine of diamonds," said he, and lay awake all night.

Early in the morning he sought out the priest.

"Will you tell me where I can find diamonds?" . . .

"Well, if you will find a river that runs through white sands, between high mountains, in those white sands you will always find diamonds. . . . All you have to do is go and find them.

So Ali sold his farm, collected his money, and away he went in search of diamonds. He began his search at the Mountains of the Moon. Afterward he came around into Palestine, then wandered on into Europe, and at last when his money was all spent, and he was in rags, wretchedness and poverty, he stood on the shore of that bay at Barcelona, in Spain, . . . and could not resist the temptation to cast himself into the incoming tide, and he sank beneath its foaming crest, never to rise in this life again. . . .

The man who purchased Ali's farm one day led his camel into the garden to drink, and as that camel put his nose into the shallow water, Ali Hafed's successor noticed a curious flash of light from the white sands of the stream. He pulled out a black stone having an eye of light reflecting all the hues of the rainbow. He took the pebble into the house, put it on the mantel and forgot all about it.

A few days later this same old priest came to visit Ali Hafed's successor, and the moment he opened that drawing room door he saw that flash of light on the mantel, and he rushed up to it and shouted, "Here is a diamond!" . . .

Then together they rushed out into that old garden and stirred up the white sands with their fingers, and lo! there came other more beautiful gems than the first. . . .

Thus was discovered the diamond mine of Golconda, the most magnificent diamond mine in all the history of mankind.

Had Ali Hafed remained at home and dug in his own garden, instead of wretchedness, starvation and death by suicide in a strange land, he would have had "acres of diamonds."

A man out in California, in 1847, heard they had discovered gold in California; so, with a passion for gold, he sold his ranch to Colonel Sutter and away he went. . . . Colonel Sutter put a mill upon a stream that ran through that ranch, and one day his little girl brought some wet sand from the raceway into their home, and sifted it through her fingers before the fire, and in that falling sand a visitor saw the first shining scales of real gold that were ever discovered in California. The man who had owned that ranch wanted gold, and he could have secured it for the mere taking. Indeed, thirty-eight millions of dollars has been taken out of a very few acres since then.

Money is power, and you ought to be reasonably ambitious to have it. You ought to, because you can do more good with it than you could without it. Money printed your Bible, money builds your churches, money sends your missionaries, and money pays your preachers, and you would not have many of them, either, if you did not pay them. . . . Money is power, money is force, money will do good as well as harm.

(From "Acres of Diamonds," by R. H. Conwell. By permission of Harper & Brothers.)



SCIENCE Looks Toward God

By C. Ward Crampton, M. D.

AT THE outset let me state that the writer is neither worthy nor able to speak with complete authority for God or for Science, and he knows it and knows it well. But something that has come from fifty years of study of men and medicine is right to give and may be of service to you.

This series of problems interior to the nature of things interested me early. Let me relate an incident and I shall disappear from the scene.

A half century ago a boy of ten wandered aimlessly around his father's large, old-fashioned doctor's consultation room and, idly gazing at the books which lined the walls, finally came to anchor at the left hand corner of the broad desk and hid.

"Father, what is life?"

The grizzled old head turned a face of kindly power, graven deep with the pain of those whom he loved and served, and looked long at his youngest son and said, "Life? Life! My boy, I do not know."

He had the modesty of wisdom and deep experience. He was aware of his ignorance.

Awareness of ignorance is the first fruit of ripened knowledge. This is the beginning of wisdom. Awareness of ignorance may be a step toward awareness of God.

AWARENESS—It is true that advance in the world seems to proceed through increasing awareness. The first

Decoration by ZADIG



step in this series is an awareness of ignorance. An awareness of our limitations may lead to a desire to extend our boundaries of knowledge. This may increase in urgency and become a hunger and a thirst for truth—a longing and a search for revelation.

IGNORANCE—Our awareness of ignorance is increasing throughout the world in places high and low. Science makes its declaration. Alexis Carrel has written "Man, The Unknown," a significant and eloquent title for a book of leadership and power. Arthur T. Compton calls for a joining of hands of science, philosophy and religion. Edwin Grant Conklin, the President of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, raises landmarks in the leadership of science in the field of ethics, conduct and duty. For example, he states:

SCIENCE—"The greatest problems that confront the human race are how to promote social cooperation; how to increase loyalty to truth, how to promote justice, brotherhood, how to expand ethics until it shall embrace all mankind. This is a problem for science as well as for government, education and religion. Each of these agencies has its own proper functions to perform."

ASKING—The whole world is turning for explanation and for guidance. The whole world is in pain. The college boy in his questing strength in bull session asks, "What does it all mean?" The grown man in his dogged drive between victory and defeat, joy and despair, asks, "Why am I doing all this?"

We, as we lay our dearest comrades away one by one in quiet places and prepare ourselves for our own graduation with a varying mixture of eagerness, fear and fortitude, look back and ask, "What does it all mean?"

When the nations will pause and look each other in the eye and ask, "Why am I doing this? What does it all mean?" they will seek peace and what is more, there will be a new kind of contest in place of war, a contest in which pride and power will hasten eagerly to show their merit through service.

KNOWLEDGE—Science can take you as far as knowledge can go. It will not define God. Neither will it deny God. Only those unaware of their ignorance can be so arrogant. Science, as it grows upward, leaves pride behind.

There are open certain scientific approaches which help clear the way toward God. Each way is simple but not easy. Each requires purpose, intentness, humility and honesty and labor, like all search and research; a long vision, an unswerving hope and a dogged step. There are adventure and discovery along each pathway.

ADVENTURE—In our youth we wished to go to far, unknown lands. We wished to invent and discover, to explore the world of strange new things in continents, chemistry and machines. The adventure of this day and tomorrow is the explanation of the outer things, outside of space, outside of time and inside of ourselves.

There is danger, but there is survival in the march of life, advancing from its lowest origins to the present exalted, but imperfect mankind. There was an epoch of advance from life in water to life on land, in air. Many magnificent forms of animals were lost in this process. There is danger in progress, but that form of life which builds wisdom upon knowledge has always chosen itself for survival and advance.

Increasing advances further widen knowledge. God, no doubt, could be visioned by the tadpole only in terms known to the tadpole. As he became a frog and breathed higher air his vision advanced. But the progress of the tadpole to the frog is evidence of a step up from water to atmosphere and firm land. Much has followed.

What now has man to become? Will he, like the tadpole, crawl up upon firmer shores and breath a new spiritual atmosphere? I do not know. We see, as through a glass, darkly. But we do know that we are the survivors of a long train of similar successes. We have the habit of triumph and survival. But so did the five ton water lizards up to the time they failed. So let us take heed and look forward and around and up.

The God that both the tadpole and man seek is the same, the Unknown God, the God to whom the people of Athens, in the awareness of their ignorance, had erected an altar, as St. Paul revealed to them. But it is incumbent upon man to know more on the subject than the tadpole.

There are at least three scientific paths through knowledge of ignorance and toward awareness of God. They are through space, through time and through self. Each path is a climbing path for your own feet, as in climbing a mountain, perhaps in this case a mountain without a top.

THROUGH SPACE—The scientific approach through analysis of space and natural things is a pathway upon which you may go in two directions, like all pathways with which we have experience. Let us first turn upward. That leads to the stars and beyond. Let us go.

Take the wings of the morning as the sun rises in glory. Ride the first beam of the dawn westward, flashing high on the mountain tops, catching a high cloud, leaving the sleeping valley behind. Sliding over leagues of ocean, gliding quick wave tops, touching far lands aglow, coming and falling behind. Always new lands arise, pass below and fall behind, more and more and more, till we return to our starting point. We have girdled all the earth. That is our little home. That's where we live.

Now, let us leave our doorstep. Take another sunbeam as it flashes out and away into space. Rise high and free of earth. Leave it behind. Ride past Jupi-

ter and Neptune and onward, outward, while our own familiar sun dwindles down behind us from a blazing sphere to a little ball, to a quick waning star, a point of friendly light behind us.

Ever onward, past Capella, half-a-thousand light years onward through Auriga. Stars welcome, wax into great suns as we pass them. They fall behind and wane to little lights. Now, we come through the last clustering galaxy and the last star comes, coldly remote and alone.

Ride its outward beam. All the crowded stars fade behind and the last star dwindles. Its single thin star beam tenses and snaps. Our last attachment to the outermost sentinel of the universe withdraws, leaving us going on and on and on—alone. It is the last of the last star. Here is no foothold nor landmark nor sound nor light—nothing to sense or touch or hold. The lordly flashing stars, the

Dr. Crampton wished to be known merely as a physician. He is, however, widely known for organizing the Health Service Clinic at Post-Graduate Medical School and Hospital, his medical teaching and natural leadership in the field of health examinations and preventive medicine. In New York he is delegate for his Church to the Layman's Service Council of the New York City Federation of Churches and a valued friend of the editor for over twenty years.

His words are simple enough for the high school boy and deep enough for the philosopher. This may be the forerunner of a great service to science. It is timely, as in Isaiah, Chapter 50, Verse IV, "The Lord God hath given me the tongue of the learned that I should know how to speak a word in season to him that is weary."

busy, reeling planets and the little things upon them are far behind.

Remember the collection of clustering universes we left behind. Look about you. Where are they now? What now? Reach onward. Search the treasures of darkness in that unknown, beyond light, beyond measure, for things familiar to understanding. We become aware of an undisturbed universe beyond all knowledge, all science—beyond everything but God. The spirit reels and seeks for the path back. It is enough.

Let us call to the last star to send a twinkle. It comes through. Ride back through Auriga, the Charioteer, past great Capella, to our own familiar star, the Sun, and so home again to little Earth. Wait its turning to bring our city to us again, then down to the familiar street and hearthstone and easy chair.

BACK TO MAN—We have turned back along the path from the tremendous externality of beyond the universe and its clustering galaxies, driving suns and attendant whirling planets, along the path back to this grain of sand, our Earth, where we live with hundreds of millions of our fellows.

We have gone to the limits of science. What there is beyond we do not know. Our journey has made us know more

keenly our ignorance of the silences beyond knowledge. We cling to our universe as a man on a narrow mountain ledge gazing into the limitless.

This is one way in which awareness of the immensity of our ignorance is a step toward awareness of God. Science has only withdrawn to self as a curtain revealing an open door. God is there. But there are better ways. The Kingdom of God is within you also. Let us look with in first with the eye of Science.

MICROCOSM, THE ANALYTIC APPROACH—Let us now turn down the path to the left and analyze man, pry into the structure of man to find out what he is made of. We shall dissect him into finer and finer, smaller and smaller elements, passing through the microscope beyond the limits of microscopic vision into the realm of yet smaller molecules and atoms until we reach the ultimate elements of our being, beyond which there is nothing known. We reach the limit of knowledge. Beyond this limit science stops. There is room for God there.

But you do not have to go outside the universe, nor into the mysteries within the atom to find a path toward God. There is a stillness within, a voice more clear than the earthquake and the fire of the material world measured by the sciences. But science helps. It has yet another declaration to make.

TIME—We do not know what time is. Careful study of the subject reveals a vast and awesome depth to our ignorance. While we do not know what time is, yet we do know something about it, both interesting and instructive. For example, things that continue, like a star, a man, or a fountain pen, or an atom, continue from moment to moment because of time. Time is a necessary element without which no ordinary things can exist. Without time they would flash into being and then instantly cease, which would be rather queer for a star, a man or a fountain pen.

It is, of course, difficult for us to think that there can be anything other than things which have continuance and therefore have in their existence the essential element of time. Take time away from a fountain pen or a glass of water and see what happens. Time is an essential in everything that we seem to know, perhaps to everything.

But is it? Science does not say so. It cannot say that there cannot be things of which time is not an element. That, indeed, would be an unscientific statement. There is more to this, but this is enough for the occasion.

Step out of time and space and observe ourselves and our limitations—only three dimensions hanging on the slender thread of time. Pause and consider if you can.

Return again to the scientific consideration of time. Time implies continuance. An instant is followed by another instant and another along the pathway of existence. What an instant is we do not know, nor what attaches an instant to the next, like the steps of a journey. Some instants seem to be thin, others broad and very full as you very well know. You know also that travel along the path of time sometimes (Continued on page 50,



MEET JOE HESS

By JACK MAJOR

MEEET Joe Hess, folks—A lovable old man! 'Course it's impossible for you to meet him in person, unless you want to travel down Danville, Indiana, way, so just take a look at his picture. Look closely into his eyes and maybe you'll understand how his story came about.

Last year *Christian Herald* printed two of my stories about "Ma" Little, a sweet old lady of Paducah, Kentucky. You all came to know of her and like her.

Now I want you to meet Joe Hess and come to realize that all the good people of the world don't live in Paducah. No-sir! There are good people everywhere; regardless of race, color, or creed, and Joe Hess is one of 'em!

Joe Hess is a Jew. He was born in the Rhine Province of Germany in 1871. When he was ten years old his folks moved to America and settled in Ligonier, Indiana, where some of their friends from the old country were living. By the time Joe was sixteen he was working as a clerk in a clothing store. He was a bright young lad and was friendly with all the customers. The drummers that came that way always stopped at Joe's counter to banter a few words. They liked him.

One day, one of them said, "Joe, Joe Schwartz is looking for a good man to help him out in his store over in Danville.

Why don't you look into it?"

Joe Hess went to Danville to work for Joe Schwartz. He was then twenty-six. He wasn't with Joe Schwartz more'n two days before he saw Sallie Schwartz.

Something inside of him said, "That's her!"

And it was her! Sallie Schwartz was a Methodist, but that couldn't keep folks apart that loved one another, and on March 19, 1899, she said, "Yes!"

Joe Hess was happy. With Sallie behind him he took courage, left

her brother's employ and started his own business. He was a smart business man and a good mixer. His favorite pastime was to stop in at the Thompson Drug Company and pass the time of day with "Botany" Roul't and the boys.

But Joe Hess had one failing. He was what the folks of Danville called "an easy mark." His life with Sallie was idyllic and he couldn't stand to see others unhappy. So whenever anyone came to Joe for a "touch" he was ever ready to dig down and make a loan. Folks that couldn't get credit at Joe's competitors always came to his store. Charity workers were always glad when Joe Hess's name was placed on their list. A hard luck story would always cause Joe to loosen up.

But Joe Hess didn't mind. Why should he worry? Didn't he have Sallie, his health, and his friends?

Joe still has his health and his friends but on January 27, 1935, Sallie passed away. She was buried from the Methodist Church. Since that time Joe Hess hasn't done so well. Her going took something vital out of him. He gave up his big store and established a small store on the north side of the square. He seemed to have grown softer and was more ready to give to his unfortunate neighbors. Soon this drain began to show upon his resources. It just seemed that no matter how much business he did his bank account grew smaller.

He didn't realize that with the loss of Sallie it became easier for folks to touch

his heart and pocketbook. Joe missed his good Methodist housewife and he couldn't stand for others to be unhappy; so as long as he could afford it he helped out the needy and gave credit to those who had no jobs.

Things got real bad. Joe's creditors began to push him, and Joe couldn't pay. They extended his credit and Joe tried to curb his expenses. Time and again he tried to fire his clerk, Mrs. Mary Gentry, but she wouldn't leave. Each time he would try to tell her she couldn't work for him any longer she would tell him, "Go jump in the lake!"

She knew he needed her help, so she stuck. Things went from bad to worse and when the present recession hit, Joe's stock on hand began to dwindle, and a worried look came on his face. Folks began to talk.

But "Botany" Roul't's talk was the kind that accomplished things. He and the boys at the Drug Company talked things over. They couldn't understand why a community should let a man like Joe Hess suffer. They talked with the business men of the town. The news reporters took it up—and pretty soon the ball began to roll.

Joe's own competitors said, "Count us in!" and pretty soon folks began to talk about a "Joe Hess Day."

Joe kicked like a Missouri mule when he heard about it. He said, "It's like taking charity!"

He was wrong. He just didn't know what the folks of Danville were planning. On this past February 26th, his friends took possession of his store for one day. Joe was temporarily fired, but was allowed to stand by. The day before, the newspaper carried a full page ad announcing a "Joe Hess Day." Folks for miles around came to pay homage to a man that had a heart bigger than usual.

Business men hired themselves out as clerks at no salary. For a week in advance the news spread. Radio stations told about it and farmers passed the word out through the county. The whole community seemed to be happier and brighter for the coming of "Joe Hess Day."

They insisted that Joe have his picture taken for the occasion and after much persuasion he did. The foregoing picture is the result. This picture appeared in a full page ad in the Danville paper. With it was the following open letter to the public.

"Danville and Hendricks County people will honor Joe Hess Saturday in appreciation of the service which he has done in the community. Throughout a long business career he has given unstintingly to every enterprise which was of benefit to this community. Using a war phrase, he gave until it hurt.

"It is not necessary for any person to spend a cent on 'Joe Hess Day.' It is important that all of his friends call at the store Saturday and give him 'the glad hand.' But there will be bargains for all and sundry. In addition to the usual stock there will be some specials.

"During the sale Mr. Hess's books will be available, and will be handled by one of the bankers or his representative. Those who have accounts at the store are asked to join in this festive occasion and reduce their indebtedness. Joe extended credit in the hour of (Continued on page 48)



© NESMITH



WHEN DO

To a great many girls today, getting a job is the most important thing in the world. Mrs. Fletcher here tells us how some churches have helped solve the problem

By

GRACE NIES FLETCHER



"BUT I've got to keep my job!" Sara Smith, eighteen and clerical worker, was trembling but she looked her employer straight in the eye. "You say the men in this office can't be fired because they have families. Well, I've got a family too! I guess my aunt and kid brother have to eat even if they aren't wives. . . ." Her voice broke. "It isn't silk stockings I'm after, it's hamburgers!"

A few years ago B.D., (before depression), young Sara Smith, armed with her high school diploma and a yearn for enough good clothes to wangle herself a date, got herself a job as carelessly as

getting an icecream soda. She didn't expect the office to be permanent; it was merely a sort of pleasant preliminary to being married. But today she not only has to work, she has to keep on working. Often, because she will take a smaller salary, she is on the job when, through no fault of their own, her father and brother can't find anything to do. Not only has she very little money to spend on herself for clothes, education, or recreation, but in many cases she has to put off marrying indefinitely because she will not let her family down. It's no longer a question of babies versus typewriters but of "When do we eat?"

Recent surveys to discover why the modern business woman works, conducted simultaneously by the Young Women's Christian Association and the National Federation of Business and Professional Women, showed startling results.

Although the average age of the young women studied by the Y. W. C. A. was only twenty-four, ninety per cent of them not only supported themselves but contributed largely to their families. Approximately twenty per cent were the sole bread-winners. It is further significant that the one-fourth of this group who got the lowest salaries—\$15 to \$20 a week—contributed most to the immediate family support and even helped take care of outsiders, cousins, aunts, step-parents, and friends. Practically nothing of their sal-

aries was left for individual tastes or pursuits.

That the business woman no longer works for pin money or orchids was shown even more conclusively by the investigations of the Federation of Business and Professional Women among its members, for the replies came from forty-seven states, Alaska, and Hawaii. Forty-eight per cent of these women have individuals solely or partially dependent on their earnings, nearly all of them are paying for their own bread and butter, and one woman in every six has the entire responsibility for a household of from two to eight persons!

Yet, far from complaining, these business women ask no odds of anyone.

"My goodness," gasped Mary Blake, drawing her shabby coat closer about her as she left the Business Women's Club and stepped into the chilly street with her friend. Six months ago her father died, leaving her the oldest of six children. She is secretary to a lawyer in a small Ohio town and on a salary of \$20 a week is sending two of the boys to high school, straightening another's teeth, feeding and clothing them all. "Isn't it lucky I didn't get my ten per cent cut before Tom had pneumonia!"

Not pity, but help in thinking things through is what such women workers want; a chance at the wider horizons they dream about.

WE EAT!



Smaller wages than men, family burdens at an early age, no money for recreation, boy friends not husbands . . . how can the church as a community center help these courageous women solve these problems intelligently? And, in return, what can the business woman do for the church? If she cannot bake a pie or run a rummage sale, what else can she give? Upon the answers to these questions depend not only the church's ability to hold these young women for Christian service but the happiness of a large group of women in every town and city in this great country of ours.

The first thing the church can do is to show these young women how to live creatively; to prove to them that success and happiness do not depend upon the size of your pay envelope but upon inner values.

Recently a man in a great middle western city who had lost his job and savings, committed suicide so that his family might have the use of his million dollar life insurance policy.

"This is all I have left to give you," he wrote in a note to his son. "I have failed. But I want to be sure your future is secure."

Secure! In a world where greedy dictators gobble up whole countries overnight; where a child lies dead, choked in his own blood, killed by a bomb dropped in an undeclared war in China! A million dollars . . . and what else had he left his son? A legacy of defeat. Of inability to look at life and laugh. A dismal confession of his own inner poverty. A million dollars' worth of grief.

The Christian church's chief business is to point out that character, personality,

not cash, is the measure of success. That what you are is so much more important than what you have. Truisms? Perhaps. But a philosophy that still works nineteen hundred years after it was enunciated. Jesus did not say, "I am come that ye may have more automobiles!" but that you may live more richly. Now, not in some utopian tomorrow. Too often the modern Church is more intent upon huge world peace programs, upon changing the social order, upon good movies or birth control than upon satisfying the hunger of the man and woman in the pew for a God they can take to the office on Monday. Yet the loneliness of the human soul without faith is appalling!

What we need in these troubled times is not the politician, however dedicated, but the voice of the prophet, crying old truths and that inner peace of self-forgetfulness, the pathway to which we have forgotten.

Call it psychology or religion or what you will, unless the church can show these young women, caught up in a world of emergency, that success or defeat lies wholly within themselves; that useless, devastating worry can be banished by doing something for someone else, if it is only taking a bunch of kids on a Saturday hike; that a good book or a sunset are riches that cannot be taken from you. . . . unless the Church can help folk to realize that everyday kindness is the cash of eternity, it had better shut up shop and go out of business. For whether such a church knows it or not, it is bankrupt. Its activity is as futile as moving a pile of leaves from one side of the road to the other.

It may sound like a contradiction to

say, then, that the second way the Church can help the business woman is by helping her get and keep a job!

Actually a vocational guidance committee, such as many an uptodate church has organized in its business women's club, is merely the good works that tread on the heels of faith. Jesus did not merely forgive the sins of the lame man let down through the roof; after he had helped the sick man clean house mentally and spiritually, he healed his legs!

"But how," asks the skeptic, "can any church help with jobs when millions are out of work?"

"By cooperation and common sense," answers the chairman of the Vocational Guidance Committee of one large city church. Today although the unemployment in this particular city is measured in hundreds of thousands, *every one of the 325 members of this business women's club has a job!* As soon as she sees her job slipping, she calls the Vocational Guidance Committee and something is quietly done about it.

It has taken a number of years to work out the program of this club to its present degree of efficiency. When the vocational committee was first set up in 1929, its aim was to take the girl member who was in the wrong job and help fit her into a position where she would be happier, or to increase her worth to the job she was in by training her how to be more attractive personally, how to get along with people. But the depression soon changed this picture. The girls were less concerned with what kind of jobs they got. Their main problem was to eat.

This church then called together leaders in various businesses and professions represented among its membership and said, "Now see here, what are we going to do about this?" They made it their business to dig up jobs through their friends and connections; they made contacts with the E.R.B. and W.P.A., vouching for their young women, members of their business club. The committee acted as a sort of middle man to introduce the girl who needed a job, when she could have cooled her heels, often uselessly for weeks, trying to see prospective employers.

But not every church is situated in a metropolitan center where such resources are available. When the stenographer in the smaller town is laid off, where can she go? Is there anything practical the modern church can do about it?

"Yes!" answers the chairman of another business women's club where the church is on the job. "Cooperate. No one church club can do the job alone, but all the churches in the community, working together, have enough man and woman power, enough contacts, at least to mitigate present conditions. But this means cooperative time and thought. Why, even one great church working alone has done the trick! Whatever you may think about the theology of the Latter Day Saints, look what they've done! Because their members work so closely together, not a single one of their families is *allowed* to take relief.

"There is no reason why churches of differing creeds cannot cooperate in the same way. It is no longer merely desirable for the small town churches to work together, it is imperative. As economy of operation is (Continued on page 56)



The alley beyond Mary's window exhaled the odor of fear

EAST SIDE SUNDAY

By

CLEMENTINE
PADDLEFORD

IT WAS Sunday, April 3d. Jim had said, "I'm getting out to-night, Mary. Leaving you and the kid. I won't sit here waiting, eating what you two need. No job is going to come. You use what's left to feed yourself and him."

"I'm going, too. I must. I must."

"Don't be a coward, Mary. We can't move that boy again. He's sick. I'll send for you. I'm shipping south. Berry pickers needed around Norfolk they say."

Jim in his heavy shoes, square-toed, square like his chin, her Jim, leaving her. The heavy step thudded down the stair, one flight, three. The dark uncertain hall had a curious echo for his heavy boot. She heard the sound in the quiet dark of her mind long after it was gone. She felt only numbness that began in her senses and closed in slowly about the beating pulse in her head.

He hadn't said good-bye. One glance at the boy. There was shame stamped on every line of his dark face and such dreadful humbleness, like the stain of an inward defeat. Independent Jim, who had made his way to the city from fields where harvest seemed forever done. He had been proud then. He spoke frankly when he looked for work, sure that the city needed men of good, clear eye and muscle tanned by sun.

Sunday, April 10.

Mary studied her face in the little ivory

mirror—a piece left from her wedding set. Wide set eyes, grey as stone, that refused the comfort of tears. Was it only fifteen years ago, a minute, or eternity, back to the smooth lawn and the arbor of rambler roses under which they said their vows? Memory beset her brooding brain. She felt the band of her wedding ring, smooth and cool and reassuring. No, she would be no coward. She had ten dollars, almost. She had a job—piece work. Such a little was left after paying rent on the sewing machine. Yet enough to keep them from starvation, if Peter wasn't always sick.

Cheap coarse cloth, it made corns on her hands. Her legs ached treading stitches along the miles of seams. A hateful room, its one window looking on an alley strewn with cans, with broken bottles, with bits of crockery. Nothing ought to live out there, not even the city rats. It smelled of unmentionable places, like the low lands back home after the flood waters had gone down.

"Back home," sweet ironic words. They had torn up roots when the dust came. Three years of that murky, copper-colored dust, settling over the house. No light, no air, windows shut, packed tight with wet rags. Still they would have stayed but for the boy. The doctor said, "Take him out of this. He can't stand another summer here."

The sale had broken her heart. The lane lined with cars; curious men and women milling in and out among her tables and her chairs. Bitter moment when Polly and Sam were led away. Jack and Jill, the mule team, their three good milk cows, a herd of Poland China hogs in an open pen. Everything gone and little more than enough to pay their debts.

Her glance turned to the age-weary bed. Cringing, ugly bed. Grandmother Berry's maple bed had four slender, pointed posts, smooth and silvery under the twirl of many a passing hand. Peter had been born in that bed. Now she wanted to cry out, scream out her fears, almost as when the child was born. Then she had been proud to suffer silently, but now cries stuck in her throat, for there was Peter watching her, listening with his eyes. Like his father, his eyes could bear more than his ears.

"Some day we can go back, Mom. I've talked to God about it. He thinks He can plan it out for us."

That was like the old Peter, before his

heart got funny. Then he talked about God like a grownup brother. Once he had looked her straight in the eye and said, "God told me to eat the chocolate cake."

God! Mary had forgotten the word almost, so long since she had been to church, and Peter no longer talked about God much. Somehow they had lost this friend in their moves from West to East. Five years of poverty and one loses many things.

Sunday, April 17.

Peter said, "Tell me about going to church back home. Tell me about Polly and Sam. Name the flowers along Pawnee Arrow Creek road!" She had told him a hundred times. She told him again, he

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The Editor of Christian Herald asked me to meet the Mary of this story because she comes from Kansas, my own State. I promised not to use her correct name or the name of the community where she grew up, or the name of the little white church. One thing Mary asked me to say is, "Please thank Christian Herald Readers for Mont Lawn and especially the unknown giver of the \$50 which saved my boy."—Clementine Paddleford.

★ ★ ★

inside thoughts, a sob and undersong in her mind. The white church, a mere shoe box set in an undulating sea of green—the wheat stretching endlessly. In the early spring its long windows would be a frame for a green view. There Mary had found peace. Looking at soft swelling waves of grain it had been easy to believe in the brotherhood of man. In God the Father, a kindly, friendly Father who kept an eye and a hand on them all. Never a Sunday but they clopped off to church behind the tail-switching Polly and Sam. The road ran west up the shallow creek, past the Bruncker's old place where the Sweets lived now, then east a little piece to the hollow where Joe Curley's wife had hung herself one summer afternoon.

Even in this sour room of New York's East Side she could smell again the unbearable sweetness of the wild grape's scent. Soon would be the month of elderberry bloom when the pancake blossoms bowed their heads along the lane in a



Peter, Mary's boy, his legs like toothpicks, his elbows showing sharp

heavy sweet perfume. "Time again soon for one of your famous pies," Jim would remind her, his eyes wreathed in the little laugh wrinkles she loved. Her first elderberry pie had bubbled up and over the pan, flooding the oven of the new range. No scouring abrasive had ever removed the telltale streaks from the oven door. She had seen them there the last day of the sale.

It was later that the sunflowers bloomed, mile after mile, the tall green stalks with their golden crowns swaying, like cloth of gold in the wind. Leaf-turning cottonwoods, shimmering wheat, whispering corn, grasses sighing, making murmurous music she could not forget. There it was, spring again. There had been rain to settle the dust, the papers said. Pastures would be turning their wistful green. Now the green would be running over the plains, spreading like green flame. The meadow larks returning, the wild flowers opening to the sun. But Mary and Jim would not be there, nor their boy Peter, her baby. His legs like toothpicks,

his elbows showing sharp through his outgrown blouse. Once he had been dark as nutbrown bread, with his eyes bright like ripe hackberries. All dimples, that baby, and bright curls and hugableness. Now his face was white and pinched; sad; all that remained of that other laddie was two green freckles on the port side of his snubbin nose. God has forsaken us! God has forgotten us!

Peter said, "I'd like to go to Sunday School. Don't they have churches here? Isn't it Sunday, today?"

Sunday, May 1.

That is how things began to happen—about Peter's going to Mont Lawn. Mary thought back on it now. It had started with Sunday School. Anything to please her boy. Together they had found the mission church, not bigger than the one at home, a city-grimed place, squeezed in between an apartment and a factory. It took all her courage to enter its dark door. Here there would be no friendly faces. There would be no Mr. Talbot, tall and narrow, wearing his Prince Albert closely

buttoned to his bony frame. She hated remembering. It made her shaky. She felt a shiver like frost and clutched at Peter's hot hand. No tears, never a sigh. But her heart grieved.

Bertha broke her reverie. "Bring your little boy into my class," and she gave the child a studied look. "Do you come from the Middle West?" They hadn't talked much, either of them, but Bertha, with a flash of insight sharp as a blade, had understood. She was a social worker on the East Side, an Iowa girl who had grown up on a farm. Bertha and Mary hit it off right from the start. "Come again next Sunday," Bertha urged. Again they went to Bertha's church and Bertha had come home with them to help Mary carry Peter up the stairs. He really wasn't fit to walk. His heart fluttered like a startled canary before they could reach the top. Mary told Bertha about Peter's heart. She whispered her fear. And finally she told her of Jim. "He felt a burden to us. He hasn't written a line. He will never come back unless he finds work. That's Jim, he's proud." And Bertha knew. Other Jims had left their wives during these depression years.

Tuesday evening Bertha came. Such wonderful news. Peter was invited to go to Mont Lawn—the first week in June. Bertha had gone herself to talk to the woman at *Christian Herald* to tell of Peter's need.

"There isn't money enough for another child," the Director had explained. "There is room but not money—so many children on our waiting lists. Times are hard, contributions lag."

"But it means his life," Bertha pleaded. "I'll give five dollars for him myself."

By some strange turn of fate—call it the hand of God—the day Bertha came to *Christian Herald* an unusual thing occurred. The mail man left a long, white letter—fifty dollars enclosed. "Please use this for Mont Lawn cardiac cases." Signed "An Unknown Friend."

Peter was to go for two full weeks.

Sunday, June 29

It was the day before the day. Tomorrow the children would start for Mont Lawn. Peter sat by Mary wearing his most delighted grin. "I'll bet there are daisies up there like grew back home. Maybe a brook. 'Spose there are any fish, Mom? Bertha said I'd have a bed in a cottage up high on a mountain called Hook. I can see a river a mile wide from there, she says. Wonder if they have a cow."

Their eyes joined in exquisite conjecture. "There will be plenty of milk for you, Peter, that's sure, and bread and fresh vegetables. Eggs for your breakfast. Think of that! But remember not to run!" The very thought and Mary scarcely dared to part with him, although she had been assured Peter would go to the white hospital cottage that is off by itself with a nurse in charge. Special quiet games and crafts and easy walks are planned for the cardiac cases, so they said. Here she knew, was one of the very few vacation homes for children where special provision is made for boys and girls with sick hearts. Sheer luck to get him there—still she was afraid.

Mont Lawn, June 30

Peter lay like a statue, his hands by his sides, his feet just (Continued on page 55)



For several years parts of our West have been afflicted with unprecedented dust storms. In this vivid story, Miss Welshimer makes real to us the feelings of those who experience one

ROGER COURTLAND rode down the highway at a gallop. The sun shone on his bright, rough-edged hair as he waved his hat at the girl in the schoolhouse window. It narrowed the gray eyes in the lean, browned face, but his grin flashed.

For just a moment that window which Mary Lou was polishing framed the tall young man.

Mary Lou didn't smile or wave. Her blue eyes sent a Declaration of War across the school yard, down the road, to the galloping mare.

Then Priscilla Evans who was plain, romantic and nine years old said: "Mr. Courtland never stops any more. And he used to come every day!"

"Will you pass the songbooks, Priscilla, please?" Mary Lou asked. "The windows are dustier than ever this morning. Maybe I'm imagining it, but I keep smelling dust!"

Always, except in winter, the windowpanes of this midwestern land had a yellow hue, as though the glassmaker had inserted a pigment in the baking oven. There never was a blue tone from a silken sky smooth with rain, or the pleasant green of a quiet field; just the pedestrian yellow of the marching crops—crops no longer tall enough—the dusty road that had no ending and no moods, the parched earth, and hot sun.

Scrubbing vainly, her chestnut curls bobbing, Mary Lou was remembering a night when a yellow moon had replaced the yellow sun. It was the evening of the day that Roger had received an offer to teach agriculture in the state university.

"Oh Roger, I'm glad for you!" she had exulted.

He was boyish in his excitement. "How did the trustees know about me? But say, I must have an idea or two worth hanging on to, if they'd look me up! But the colleges must be hard up when they ask me to show youth how to chase potato bugs, my darling! I feel some confidence returning. The supply was running out—maybe you noticed."

"When do you go?" she asked. "And don't worry about your rating. You score high. It's just that the soil is so worn out around here that nobody could restore it."

He spoke slowly. "But Mary Lou, I'm not accepting. This is my job. I'm going to make our county raise crops!" The words hung in the night air, waiting for Roger to take them back or Mary Lou to accept them.

"You're refusing?"

"That's the idea."

Roger Courtland was farm conservation agent for the county. Reared in the plains, he had come home, after college, to bring the scientific knowledge gained in his agricultural courses. Mary Lou, a childhood playmate, had come back from normal school to teach a grade in the centralized school. She did not intend to stay. She thought Roger was tarrying in the same spirit.

She spoke quickly. "Roger, your theories sound beautiful—all about feeding the soil so it will bear again—but it's no use. It's had its day. When we were children the land gave us good crops and the fields were green in summer. But now..."

Even in the night you knew that the soil was spent with the exhaustion of straining for crops that would not prosper—gaunt crops, yellow that never reached gold.

Roger stood up, long and lean and brown, and his shadow was black where the moonlight lay in a bright pool. "I love you, Mary Lou. You know that. But I have to see this job through. Honey, our great grandfathers came through the wilderness to clear this land. If we don't put roots back into the top soil it will never be well again—never bear. A wind will blow it away. Oh, I don't want to get sticky, but why should men move out when they can save their own farms?" He smiled crookedly. "Fields of alien corn and all that stuff are nice in poems but nobody really wants to hunt them."

Mary Lou's disappointments made her voice bitter. "It's a good agriculture lecture, Roger. Try it at a farm meeting." She stood, too, a smaller shadow in the bright pool of moonlight. "If you love me, you won't throw your life away here."

He caught her hands. "I do love you! And I'm staying!"

"We're dust-blind!" She moved away from him. "The grime is in everything and it's getting worse. Break away, Roger..."

He was instantly the conservation

DUST BOUND

By Helen Welshimer

agent. "Have you noticed the dust getting worse, too?"

"Yes. But why?"

"It can do a lot of harm, I'm afraid, before we are able to take care of it."

"Then people should move out of its reach. But all it does is spot the school house windows. I've almost forgotten what a clean, white pane is like!"

A week later Roger addressed the assembled farm group in the town hall. Mary Lou, cool as she could manage in a slim green frock, was there.

She loved Roger. But what good would it do for him to talk endlessly to people about soil—especially to men who knew so much more than he could know? It was splendid to fight for a vision, if it had roots in reality. But this—

The voice whose tones could play curious music on her heart-strings, though it said words that were witch fire, was speaking:

"We've grown dust-bound. Our hearts, our minds, our eyes, our soil, our houses are filmed with it. We are completing the despoliation of the land on which we depend for our living, because we have not given it nourishment."

"The top soil, as you know, holds the roots that bind this layer to the others. But we've used up the roots, never replaced them, and the land is worked out until we help it. Some day—some day, if we don't, the top soil will blow away."

Soil erosion, he called it. Wind or water could carry the soil as dust. It had happened elsewhere.

Roger glanced down at the girl in the green dress. She did not smile. She was thinking sturdily of candlelight, cool blue rain, silver lights in falling mist, dark wet skies pricked with stars, windows that reflected colors instead of a hot, tired land rimmed with endless yellow.

"You'll scrub a hole in the window,

For a moment pandemonium reigned, as people crowded in. "No good, Peter—you can't go out. But you're safe. Come on—everybody fill all the vessels with water"

Illustrator FRED FREEMAN

Miss Lane," Priscilla interrupted her reverie, and she stood up.

School began. She could hear the first made children marching in their room down the hall. There was the drone of recitation from the room above.

Life, if she married Roger, would always be like this, only there would not be the excitement of teaching the thirty-nine-year-old children that the blue and pink and green splashes of color on the globe were seas and China and Ireland and Scotland.

Mary Lou noticed that the day grew sorer. She passed her hand across her desk and it felt grimy. She looked down. The wooden surface was covered with dust, thicker than usual. When she moved her papers, the dust rattled.

Then, as clearly as though Paul Revere's great grandson had ridden down the yellow road shouting the news, she understood. A dust-storm was coming. The thing for which Roger had asked help, that it might be avoided, was on them.

In that imperceptible second before she began to close doors and windows, and gave orders, she wondered where Roger had gone. He was riding to the southwest. There was a ranch that way, no houses for many miles. He had not come back. She suddenly knew that she had been watching that window for him when he would pass.

For a moment pandemonium reigned. People crowded in the assembly hall. The windows were drawn. Mary Lou slipped back to her own room to watch. The dust was coming fast—acres and acres of it, rolling, tumbling, twisting, carrying the top soil with it, as Roger had warned.

A telephone was ringing somewhere. She stepped into an office and picked up the instrument.

"County school headquarters," a crisp voice said. "A dust storm headed your way. Let no one leave the building. It's almost sure death. It may be hours, days, till it lets up. We'll try to get help through. And food. How's the water?"

"I don't know."

"Look, quickly!"

She tried the fountain. A brownish stream trickled out.

"The sand is in it. It's clogging it."

"Fill what buckets you have."

So she had said that this was pedestrian life—that Roger's precautions were not necessary. And now...

Under her breath she said his name, made a chant of it, and didn't know it, as she filled pitchers and pails and directed others. The storm was beating against the school house. The land, long ravaged, was on a rampage. The telephone rang again.

"Hello." She prayed it would be Roger—Roger who had ridden to the southwest.

"Miss Lane? Oh, may I speak to Johnnie Andrews? His mother was quite sick this morning and he didn't want to come to school. Tell him she's better—he might start home. . . ."

So the messages came, until finally the wires went down under the sagging earth. Mary Lou didn't know how long it was before she heard the receiver being clicked up and down. She entered the office. A



"Oh no, Roger! I belong here, too. You need binding roots for love. Roger I want to stay and work with you"

small boy was at the telephone.

"No good, Peter. It won't work. But you're safe. And no one will venture out in this for love or money. Come back to the assembly room. We'll play games."

"But that's it!" Peter said frantically. "It's my calf. She was just born last week. Nobody will go to the barn to take care of her and she'll die."

"Someone will find a way. Peter, you can't think about it now."

"How will they (Continued on page 48)"



EDITORIAL FORUM

CHRISTIAN HERALD, *always a crusading journal, has this as its permanent platform: To conserve, interpret, and extend the vital elements of EVANGELICAL CHRISTIAN FAITH. To support WORLD PEACE: that it may be world-wide and lasting; CHURCH UNITY: that it may be an organic reality; TEMPERANCE: that through education it may become universal and that the liquor problem may be solved. To carry forward a practical ministry to those who are in need. To champion those forces... wherever they appear... that bid fair to aid in the effort to make a CHRIST-LIKE WORLD.*

DANIEL A. POLING, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF



LET AMERICA BE FREE!

CERTAINLY the internal political affairs of foreign governments are not the concern of the American people. To administer our own problems of government is enough for us, quite enough. But there are human problems that, whether we will have it so or not, cross all frontiers.

When open cities are bombed in Spain the heart of the world cries out, and should. When more than thirteen hundred Protestant clergymen, because they "choose Christ first," are thrown into German prisons and concentration camps, the protest of their brethren in even distant lands must be heard. Certainly, too, foreign propaganda and "recreation centers," where groups of young German-Americans are taught and trained by leaders who are German citizens wearing uniforms, introducing the Hitler salute, flying the Swastika side by side with the Stars and Stripes, and advocating a theory of government as foreign to our spirit and soil as is Communism—certainly such camps, such leaders and such propaganda are worthy of more than the indifference of the American people. Certainly too, the Christian Church in America dare not remain silent while Niemoeller and his associates are suffering for conscience sake, and while Russia seeks ruthlessly to crush all religious expression of a great people.

How vital it is that truth should be known was evidenced recently when Dr. Ernst W. Meyer, former First Secretary of the German Embassy in Washington, D. C., addressed a distinguished group of Philadelphia citizens. Following the address, a member of the Russell H. Conwell Luncheon Club, under whose auspices the program had been arranged, was interrogated as follows: "Don't you know that Dr. Meyer was driven out of the German Embassy in Washington?" "Don't you know that Dr. Meyer is a Jew?" "Don't you know that all Germans are behind the Great Leader?" "Don't you know that the miserable propaganda read in the United States is inspired by jealous powers?"

As of these questions, the following are the facts: Dr. Meyer was not discharged. He resigned against the protest of his superiors and after years of distinguished service. He severed his relationships with the Embassy only because he could no longer support the present German government. The address he delivered was statesman-like, restrained, Christian and intensely loyal to the German people.

Dr. Meyer is not a Jew, though, if he were, it would be even more important that he be heard. Christians have more to lose from "Jew-baiting" than the Jew himself.

These Are Good Friends!

WITH the first breeze of Spring come the letters from hospitals, churches, schools, Crime Prevention Boards and others who work for children, each with a hope for new life for the children of the city's slums. The old life has been cruel to the children of the poor. It is these children who will carry the scars of the depression, scars that never can be completely erased but that can be lost in happier memories.

Christian Herald has more than 250,000 subscribers—and less than 3,000 of them contribute to Mont Lawn! These are good friends, sacrificing friends. We wish we had more of them, more friends who would make sacrifice so that a sick child could have a vacation from hunger and poverty. Surely you who know the need of a vacation from work or from the monotony of life can know how much more it means to need a vacation from hunger and poverty.

We ask our friends to be even more generous this year, for the need is greater; we ask you who have not joined this group of friends of poor children to let us tell you about them so that we may win your friendship and your help. Won't you hold out your hand in a gesture of friendliness by sending us a postcard carrying your name and address so that we may send you our booklet? Mail it to Christian Herald Children's Home, Business Office address: 419 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

DANIEL A. POLING

Dr. Meyer has remotely Jewish blood but he and his family have been for generations members of the German State Church. Herr Goering's announcement of final liquidation of Jewish property in Austria is another and terrible manifestation of the present tide of brutality and madness that sweeps through Central Europe. Nor let America forget that "whom the Gods would destroy, they first make mad!"

Dr. Meyer has affirmed that fifty per cent of the German population is, though silenced, opposed to the present German government. In this he has merely restated what the German army chaplains first released in their remarkable letter to Herr Hitler. The chaplains' communication declared that the Hitler policy was destroying German morale, dividing Germany against itself, and that it would result in inevitable and irretrievable disaster. This communication is also supported by numerous documents of Protestant and Roman Catholic church leaders. It is further supported by personal communications from and interviews with those intimately related to German internal affairs. If all Germans are behind the present government, then why concentration camps? Why the imprisonment of hundreds of Protestant clergymen? If all our news sources are controlled by jealous foreign powers, then what shall be said of Dr. Meyer's speech? And the German army chaplains' letter? And what shall be said of the searching words of Thomas Mann, Nobel Prize winner and one of the world's greatest living novelists: "If to be

more German means to be less human, I can make only one choice." When Herr Hitler came to power and persecution of Jews began, Thomas Mann, himself an "Aryan," went into voluntary exile. His home has been seized and his citizenship revoked.

On the other hand, propaganda as of present unrestrained authority in Germany, propaganda printed and on the air, sweeps the world. As this editorial is written, a booklet printed in German and in English lies on my desk. It carries on its title page the following: "German Shortwave Station, North America Program, May 1938, Berlin Broadcasting House." It includes daily programs "Eastern Standard Time." The hours and subjects are listed for nine programs each day, including two programs and reviews—and all in the English language. The foreword is the following quotation from Adolf Hitler himself:

"Only to a few, endowed with divine grace, has providence in all times entrusted the mission of creating something new and veritably imperishable. These few, however, are they who point the way, far into the future. It is part of the education of a nation to inculcate into the people a necessary respect for them, since they constitute the incarnation of a nation's highest values."

This amazing document—one of a monthly issue—was stamped in Berlin and mailed to a German-American organization in the United States. As an illustration of the propaganda effectiveness of



MADAME DICTATOR—"YOU HAVE NO SUCH JEWELS AS THESE, MY DEAR!"
DEMOCRACY—"MY SONS ARE MY JEWELS"

dictatorship, its implications are sinister.

The free speech guarantees of the American Constitution are absolute. Whatever the stress and strain of immediate circumstance they should be held sacred and kept inviolable. But the price of liberty is eternal vigilance. Democracy may still guarantee a freedom even to her foes that dictatorship destroys with regimentation, concentration camps and bloody purges. But Democracy will be destroyed in her own house if she fails to support and defend her own institutions. Communism, Fascism, Nazism, are a trinity of brutal madness. America will have none of them. On this Fourth of July as on all others and forever, America wills to be free. Free in speech, free in press, free in government, and free in worship.

DANIEL A. POLING

Just a Few Lines

OUR Letter Box is a pulpit from which many a powerful sermon is unconsciously preached, as readers tell of specific instances of outstanding, though humble, Christian service in their own church, community or city.

Just a few lines in an ordinary envelope, yet carrying a priceless message of what some faithful Christian is doing for the Kingdom.

For instance, this letter from W. A. Roach, Waurika, Oklahoma, who would join "the throng of pilgrims . . . bearing tidings of his own Bonus." He encloses a snap of it—a long, thin Negro preacher, in shirt sleeves, his shoes tied on with

white string! This man had done the chores around Mr. Roach's place, and the Boss had helped poor old "Jim" to prepare his sermons for the little church for the colored. He also gave him books and magazines that might help his ministry, never expecting, of course, anything in return.

Then, recently, my correspondent—a Presbyterian pastor of 77, weighing 250 pounds—came down with flu-pneumonia. There seemed no hope of recovery. His children were called home. A daughter, with her tiny baby, came through bitter winter weather from far Northern Minnesota, to be there at the end. "No hope," the grieving neighbors whispered.

But old Jim would not give up. He requested prayers for his white friend at the colored brethren's prayer meetings. He sent two "good-old colored sisters" to kneel at the side of the sick man's bed, and pray for his recovery. Old Jim prayed night and day. And the impossible happened. The pastor recovered.

"Who will say," wrote my correspondent, "that these prayers were not 'the sublimest strains that reach the Majesty on High'? Little did I dream that out of the patient and kindly service I was rendering to one of God's humblest, I was constructing a citadel of love from which one day would issue the forces of faith which would not only beseech, but besiege, the Throne of Grace on my behalf?" He adds that old Black Jim has been transformed from the "humble petitioner for help" to "Brother beloved."

Today, Pastor Roach, hale and hearty,

shepherds—two churches, twenty miles apart, and drives his own car to all services.

Old Jim, nearly seventy, goes his humble way, doing odd jobs for a living all week, and on Sunday preaching in the colored church. He was ordained six years ago, but he has no regular pastorate, nor salary. "If they pay, all right; if they don't pay, all right"—says old Black Jim.

Just a few lines—with God in them.

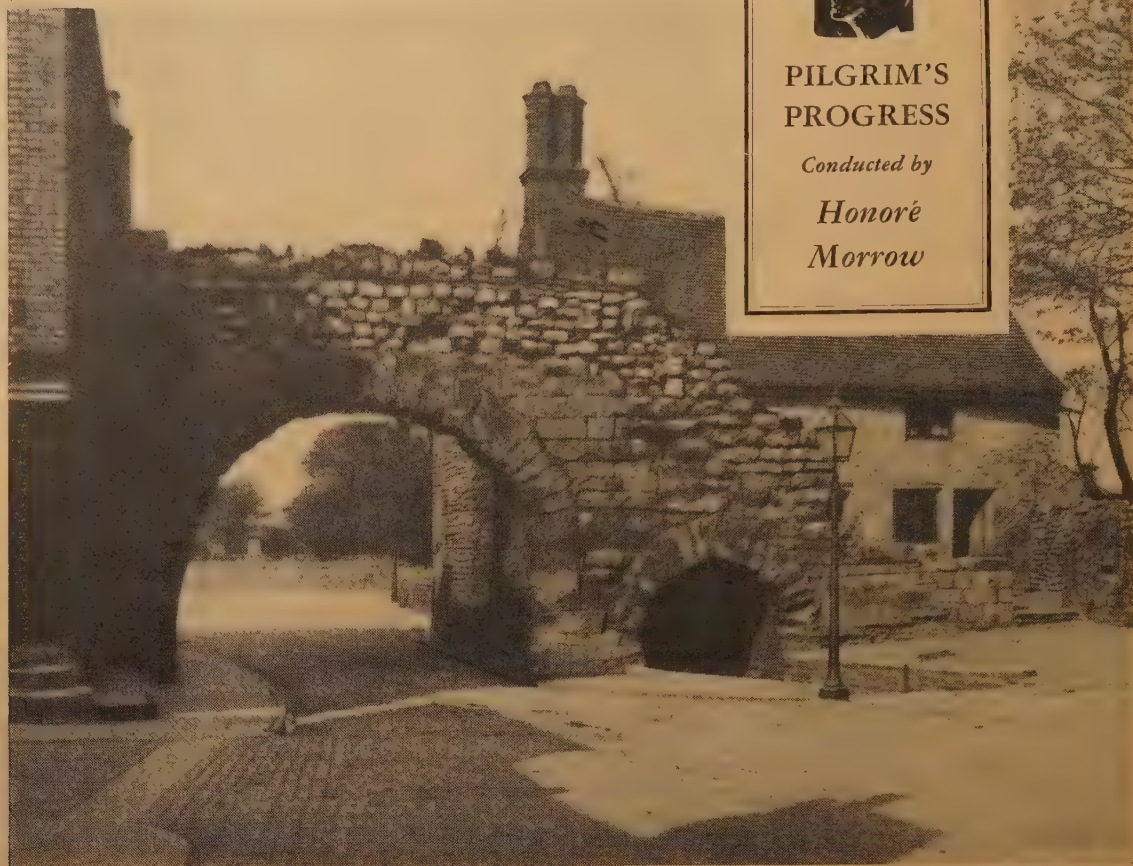
BEATRICE PLUMB

Houses With Mottoes

TO SET a motto over the house is in some places an ancient and picturesque custom. In the Swiss Oberland, for instance, "almost every beautiful chalet has above the balcony, hung with geraniums and asters, some sentence written in German script." Some of the inscriptions are of long standing, set there by some ancestor of the family. Generally the chalet motto, we are told, is a sentence of straight-forward faith in the sacredness of home and trust in God. "God keep watch on this house night and day," is one of the most common and is often found along with the name of the builder of the chalet and his wife.

The Oberlander's love for his home shines through many of the mottoes. The chalets certainly look attractive in their romantic mountain setting—"sweet homes wherein to live and die." "My own home, with peace, is a corner of Paradise," is a motto that breathes the very spirit of content.

The old Roman arch at Lincoln, one of the only two remaining in England. Photo courtesy Associated British and Irish Railways, Inc.



PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

Conducted by

Honore
Morrow

My Nephew's Wedding

THERE is a fable, repeated so often by Devonians that they have come to believe it, that Devon has a mild winter climate. I will admit that usually the climate *looks* mild. Even the thermometer rarely lets the mercury drop below the freezing mark. And all winter the fields are a fresh, vivid green where sheep and cattle graze. But with this, as far as I'm concerned, any reality to the mildness-claim ends. There is a rawness in the air that bites to the very bone, and the driving rains which keep the fields green are as bitter as a New England snow against the cheeks.

Patricia and I did hope, though, that some of the traditional sub-tropical weather might by a miracle appear when Bryant, my nephew, came over to marry her this winter. Patricia admitted that when she'd been in America, undergoing the rigors of a New England winter, she had boasted about Devon as a winter resort! We'd just got to produce sunshine and a primrose or two for the benefit of her American fiance.

Well, the weather man here, as in the United States, has absolutely no sense of national pride! Bryant landed at Plymouth on a night of bitter rain and mist. Patricia and her mother went to meet him while I stayed at Brixham to—literally—keep the home fires burning. For, with this visit imminent, Penn and I suddenly realized that we had slipped into

British winter ways. When the cold increases we simply put on another woolly instead of lighting another fire! We never bother any more with fires in our bedrooms. I installed a special electric heater in the bathroom which, until I was ill in the fall, we'd never used. In other words, we'd got hardened to a beastly climate and no central heat and actually felt better for it. But a young American, an American of a particularly ardent patriotism, was coming for his English bride. Patricia wanted him to see her beloved Devon as she saw it and not from the jaundiced viewpoint of a man prisoned with cold. I wanted him not to burst forth with some patronizing information about the cheapness and efficiency of steam heat. The British are every bit as sensitive as the Americans.

So Searle stoked the fire in the guest bedroom, all day. We had a huge fire in the library-drawing room and a fire in the sitting room upstairs and a fire in the dining room and the big kerosene heater going full blast in the "clutter" room which Penn uses for a little of everything; and I moved the electric heater out of my bathroom to the guest bathroom.

And so he arrived, very tall and very eager to be pleased with everything, and shivering between smiles. I immodestly inquired into the matter of woollen underwear. He scorned the thought. So we fed him and sent him to bed.

And the next day it snowed! Yes, snow! And ice on the pavements and the fields not green but white. And the raw cold penetrated through the very keyholes. O Devon, how could you! What of this friendship between two democracies so essential to the welfare of the world?

"Of course," said Bryant, at lunch, "I delight in the age and charm of this old house but I have a suggestion. You know a pipeless furnace in your cellar would make all the difference in the world!"

I groaned. Then I brightened up. "There is no cellar. There are no cellars in Devon. Just as there are none in Florida."

He wasn't daunted. He drew out an old envelope and started to draw me a plan for heating Hearthstone. I suggested woollies, very firmly. Far cheaper. Up-keep simpler. He was not impressed. And I had the feeling of one caught in Niagara—the Niagara of American efficiency. But rescue was at hand. Patricia came in—and he was, after all, not an engineer, but a man who had crossed a winter ocean to fetch his bride! We didn't hear of the pipeless furnace again.

The wedding was to be very quiet and to take place at Cofton, near Exeter, Patricia's home. For a week, storms raged, gales howled, fogs hung black and then—the wedding morning dawned in sunshine, with a breeze as soft as April and with robin and thrush singing in our garden! Who ever mentioned pipeless furnaces?

Penn and I and Miss Haskell, Patricia's head-mistress for many years, drove the bridegroom the (Continued on page 63)



THE KISS OF JUDAS
From the painting by Schaeffer

LANTERNS IN GETHSEMANE

A Sermon

By Edgar DeWitt Jones, D.D., LL.D.

Minister Central Woodward Church, Disciples of Christ, Detroit,
President Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America

THE Garden of Gethsemane today stands out as an imperishable memory of the Holy Land. It is on a hillside opposite the east wall of Jerusalem, and so close to the city that the evening shadows of Jerusalem fall across it. In the Garden are eight aged olive trees, so venerable in appearance that they are patriarchal. It is scarcely possible that they stood there in Jesus' time, but they are said to be more than a thousand years old and are probably the children of the original trees under which the Master prayed that awful night. Flowers are blooming in carefully laid out and tended beds. The Garden is in charge of Franciscan friars, who touch with reverence the sacred place and prize their guardianship above everything else. Nearby is a splendid church, on which wealth has been lavished, and farther up the hill is an ornate edifice in charge of another branch of the Christian faith.

In Jesus' day the Garden was more extensive, perhaps several times larger than it is today; and instead of eight olive trees, there was an orchard, and a press for producing olive oil—for that is the meaning of the word Gethsemane. It was a more secluded spot than it is now, for

not a day passes but that tourists from the ends of the earth visit it and muse awhile amid the silence and the memories. It was to this place that Jesus, accompanied by eleven of His disciples, resorted at the close of the Last Supper. At the outer edge of the Garden He bade all but James and John and Peter to tarry there, and with His three intimate friends Jesus went deeper into the grove of olive trees. There He requested the three to remain, to watch and to pray, as He went a stone's throw farther to pray and struggle and conquer. Suddenly, there was a tumult at the gate, and lo, a band of soldiers, led by Judas, the flare of torches and the glow of lanterns and the murmur of many voices. His hour had come!

Lanterns in Gethsemane! Not only the lanterns carried by the band of soldiers, that flickered ominously midst the trees, but likewise other lanterns that shed something more than physical light on the issues of the fierce struggle and the personality of Him who suffered there.

The Lanterns of The Skies—The Stars and Moon—Lanterns Over The Garden

In Gethsemane, Jesus must have gazed upon the stars and the moon and mused

JOHN, 18:3: "JUDAS THEN, HAVING RECEIVED A BAND OF MEN AND OFFICERS FROM THE CHIEF PRIESTS AND PHARISEES, COMETH THITHER WITH LANTERNS AND TORCHES AND WEAPONS"

how these same heavenly bodies had looked down upon many a struggle in the long history of the Jewish nation. Upon these same stars and moon Jacob gazed that first night away from home, when he slept out under the open sky and dreamed dreams and saw visions. Through the watches of many a night, shepherds on Judea's hills had looked upon the skies at night time, and the same silent stars and fairest of moons had looked down upon them in comforting ministry. This is not mere fancy. It is not wholly poetry. Well do I recall when a little boy was leaving his small town home and one near and dear to him said, the night before he took the train for the distant city, "Look at the Big Dipper, upon which we have so often gazed together, and remember, dear, that in the days to come, though separated, we can both see those familiar stars, and these same stars will look down upon us." And that little boy took to heart the wisdom of these words and was comforted thereby.

Scientists do not wonder as much about the stars as in days past; they have measured the heavenly bodies, weighed them, and analyzed their component parts. Mighty telescopes have brought the moon and the stars millions of miles closer to us. Gaze upon Saturn through one of the larger telescopes, and see the great ball of fire surrounded by numerous rings. Turn the telescope on the queen of the night—and behold the mountains in the moon and observe the burnt-out craters. Nevertheless, man knows only a little about the stars compared with what he has yet to learn. The mystery and the wonderment of the stars and moon remain, not wholly solved. "The silent stars still keep their holy vigil over a tired world," and that night in Gethsemane these lanterns of heaven shone upon the kneeling figure in the Garden. Time and time again, He must have lifted His eyes to the glorious spectacle overhead and, who knows but that the words of a familiar Psalm may have been on His lips, "When I consider Thy heavens, the work of Thy fingers, what is man, that Thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that Thou visitest him?"

In Gethsemane Also Shone The Lanterns of Human Companionship

Jesus took the three who understood Him best into the recesses of the Garden, where they could be nearer to Him than the others, and He admonished them to watch and pray as He went a little way off and entered alone into the agony of a decision that was big with destiny. Jesus' knowledge that Peter, James, and John were close at hand, where He could call them should there be need, strengthened Him; and the sweet assurance was as lanterns, helping to drive away the shadows that were deepening about Him.

There are some to say, I fancy, that these human lanterns, Peter, James, and John, were dim (Continued on page 61)



July, 1938

DAILY MEDITATIONS

For the Quiet Hour

BY DR. WILLIAM T. ELLIS

A PRAYER AND MEDITATION FOR SPIRITUAL PROGRESS EACH DAY OF THE YEAR

FRIDAY, JULY 1

LIFE'S BURDENED ONES

ALL YE THAT LABOR AND ARE HEAVY-
LADEN.
READ MATT. 11:24-30.

JERUSALEM is a moving picture of burden-bearing. The narrow, precipitous streets are filled with people and animals carrying heavy loads—heavy beyond all the imagining of America. Men, women and little children—especially children—as well as camels and donkeys, toil patiently on, laden to the breaking point. Jesus knew such, and to them He offered rest.

In a figurative sense, most of us are bearing packs as heavy as we can carry. Financial worries, family cares, afflictions in body, griefs and the heavy weight of world sorrow press us down.

Still to us comes the voice of Jesus, as to the weary and heavy-laden of old. He promises rest for the soul: the actual lifting of some loads, and strength to carry on with those which cannot be removed. After all, it is stouter souls, such as He imparts, rather than lesser cares, that most of us need.

Weary, discouraged, over-laden, our souls cry out to Thee, great Burden-Bearer, for strength and peace. Amen.

SATURDAY, JULY 2

THE GREAT FELLOWSHIP

THE HOUSEHOLD OF FAITH.
READ GAL. 6:9-18.

IN JERUSALEM I have had a small part in an effort that has been a thrilling revelation of Christian solidarity. An American Christian Arab, of fine character, raised in the Schneller Orphanage, trained in the Nyack Missionary school, possessor of three degrees from Columbia University, an American citizen, has been charged with throwing a bomb. Circumstantial evidence, given by hysterical Jews, has been strong against him and his companion, also a Christian.

But the State Department, the American consul and his staff, American and British clergymen resident in Jerusalem, and many others, have rallied to the defense of the American citizen. The fiancée whom he returned to the city to marry has stood by her man, even in the shadow of the gallows, impressed the military court—usually a hanging

court—has given five days to the case; and the verdict is acquittal.

Christian fellowship is no nebulous, futile thing, but a force that unites high and low in the cause of the brotherhood.

For the goodly fellowship that unites Thy friends with one another and with Thee, in service or in sympathy, we thank Thee today, O Christ. Amen.

SUNDAY, JULY 3

ONE DAY BY GALILEE

MY CUP OVERFLOWETH.
READ PSALM 23.

AT TENDANCE at the trial of the two Christian Arabs in Jerusalem had delayed our visit to beautiful and beloved Tabgha until a Friday. I did not wait for the closing arguments or decision.

It was a rare day for the ride over the Jesus-road up through the Land to His Galilee. Then the first sight of the shimmering Lake, as calm and restful and beautiful as the peace of God, gave us one of the thrills that can come only rarely to a traveler.

Beyond the blue waters, and behind the now green-tinged hills of Gadara, stood snow-covered Hermon, in unveiled majesty. How good God has been to these eyes.

At Tabgha, Father Taepper's welcome was the warm reunion of old friends. Then, later in the afternoon, who should appear but the *Christian Herald* cruisers, led by Frank Mead.

To crown all, when I returned from an hour's fishing in the lake, I was given a telegram from Jerusalem that set pulses to bounding: "Both acquitted." That was a day of the overflowing cup.

Good Shepherd of our lives, we thank Thee for all Thy special bounties. We would be grateful; and remember these good days in dark days to come. Amen.

MONDAY, JULY 4

THE PROBLEM OF PATRIOTISM

OUR FATHERS HAVE TOLD US.
READ PSALM 44:1-8.

PATRIOTISM is being both perverted and prevented in our time—perverted by a selfish, blind, arrogant nationalism amongst some nations; and prevented

from expression in little nations because the big powers have the airplanes and tanks and machine guns. Little did the benevolent Wright brothers dream that they were putting a final weapon of oppression into the hands of imperialism; and destroying every small nation's expectations of liberty. (Even as I write these words, a bomb-laden plane is roaring over the Lake of Galilee, outside of my window.)

All the while, patriotism, love of country and loyalty thereto, remains one of the major virtues of life, not to be supplanted by any vague or distorted "internationalism." The Bible is full of it; and the deepest human instincts affirm the rightness of this teaching. Patriotism is something to live for, and something to die for. It is linked with life's largest and supreme loyalty, which is to God.

Our Father's God, who by Thy hand hast led our nation wondrously, keep alive in our hearts the passion of pure patriotism, and of constant allegiance to Thyself. Amen.

TUESDAY, JULY 5

TWO TYPES OF TRAVELERS

THEREWITH TO BE CONTENT.
READ PHIL. 4:11-14.

"HE THAT would bring home the treasures of the Indies must take the treasures of the Indies with him," says the proverb. Richest of these treasures to be packed into a traveler's luggage is an open-minded, tolerant, questing spirit.

I have been observing a certain party of tourists. One friend among them complains of the dragoman, complains of the arrangements, and seems to get nothing out of the places he visits. Another friend in the same group is bubbling over with enthusiasm over what she has seen; the privileges she has enjoyed, the fulfillment of her dreams and the significance of such sights as the Pyramids and the Sphinx.

So also are the travelers through life. One gathers up annoyances by the way; and the other sees beauty in all the common ways and common days. What we put into life determines what we get out of it.

Our prayer today, Heavenly Father, is that we may live as appreciators, with eyes alert for all the benefits with which Thou dost dower our days. Amen.

DAILY MEDITATIONS FOR THE QUIET HOUR

WEDNESDAY, JULY 6

DOCKIE THE CLIMBER

BE THOU STRONG THEREFORE.
READ I KINGS 2:1-4.

DEBORAH and Dockie's wise mother writes of their health and progress, saying, in mock despair, "Dockie has suddenly become the naughtiest boy in the country! But I am not too disturbed. Yesterday we went for a long walk in the country, and he climbed everything in sight. He is suddenly becoming extremely independent, dressing himself, and getting out of doors before I can reach him; and tracking in quantities of mud. Such 'pep'!"

Hurrah for the children who are full of vitality and initiative! They may make extra work for mother, but they are building the foundations of life. Lack of vital juice—nerve, vigor—is what ails most persons. There are too many anaemic saints: God has use for sturdy men of the apostolic pattern.

Help us to live hard and actively, O Father. We would obey Thy command "be strong." Amen.

THURSDAY, JULY 7

A SERVICE BY THE LAKE

INTO HIS OWN COUNTRY.
READ MARK 6:1-6.

ON ALL thoughtful minds the Lake of Galilee inspires sentiments of devotion. After dinner on the day of their arrival, the *Christian Herald* pilgrims in Tabgha—the Gospel Bethsaida—went down to the terrace and conducted a service. They were off the next morning, but they will not soon forget that meeting of this loveliest spot in Galilee.

On the following Sunday morning, I went to the waterside with a little group of fellow-Protestants: the British clergyman who addressed us, told four Gospel stories in the setting of which we were in the moment worshipping. As he talked, the fish were jumping in the lake. Near some native fishermen were mending their nets. A large lizard came up on a neighboring rock, and cocked his head as if listening to the sermon.

All these scenes were less in our minds than the figure of one who, with his band, walked this shore and rode these waters; speaking words that are to us, sojourners by the lakeside, and people all around the world, veritable words of life.

For all reminders of Thy earthly ministry, O Christ, and for the reality of Thy continuing presence, we give thanks today. Amen.

FRIDAY, JULY 8

A SOLVENT

I HAVE GIVEN YOU AN EXAMPLE.
READ JOHN 13:1-17.

THE lovely little garden spot on the northern shore of the Lake of Galilee, called Tabgha, resort visitors high

and low, of every race and tongue; and of many religions. Some come because of the natural beauties of the place, but most because it was here that Jesus taught and wrought. The host is Father Taepper, a German monk of charm and cheer*and catholicity.

Father Taepper and Tabgha seem to possess a solvent quality for natural antagonisms. All differences melt in this presence. Protestant and Roman Catholic find themselves together simply as Christians. British, Germans, Palestinians, Americans, and Italians, fraternize congenially. The Lake and its memories impart an atmosphere of good will.

If all the leaders of the whole warring world could come to memory-laden Tabgha they would find in Father Taepper a hiding place for their hates and a perennial spring of good will.

In these troubled times, O Lord, we are grateful for the men and women who stand steadfastly for the divine qualities, in Thy fear and presence. Amen.

SATURDAY, JULY 9

PLANES OVER GALILEE

PEACE I LEAVE WITH YOU.
READ JOHN 14:24-31.

AS I write these words, a hateful sound assails my ears, above the cooing of the pigeons and the lively chirping of other birds. It is the roar of an airplane over the lake. I like airplanes, but not this kind; for they are laden with bombs, meant to rain death upon the Arabs who have taken up arms against the Zionist-favoring Government.

If there is one spot on earth that should be free from the hideous enginery of modern war it should be the Lake of Galilee, where Jesus proclaimed the new law of man's brotherhood and God's Fatherhood. The contrast is too great to stand. All that Jesus taught is nullified by these present practices.

More strongly than anywhere else, the conviction is clear, amidst these placid and vocal surroundings, that the only way out for the world of hatred and strife and self-seeking is the Jesus way, of loyalty to the Father's Will, and of love for all His other children.

Send peace in our time, O Lord. Give free course to the mind of the Master, who saw life clear and saw it whole, and sought its peace. Amen.

SUNDAY, JULY 10

THE TRUE PILGRIMS

LET US FOLLOW ON TO KNOW THE LORD.
READ HOSEA 6:1-3.

AT BREAKFAST this morning our British table-mate—who arrived last evening and leaves early today—said that he had asked his dragoman to write down the list of places they had seen; for he could not remember them. He could not remember Jacob's Well and Mizpah and

Bethel and Shechem and Nazareth and Cana of Galilee and Tiberias!

Incredible though it may seem, there are many tourists to the Holy Land who are just like that. They are reminders of the sublime truth that the true pilgrim to Palestine may be the reverent disciple of Jesus who comes here only in spirit; but to whom the places made sacred by the feet of the Master are more real and living than the scenes of their own commonwealth. By the wondrously vivid Book, one may retrace the steps of the Master, and even walk with Him in spirit. There have been many tourists sitting on this bench where I am at the moment writing, to whom outspread Galilee and its shores have meant less than to humble students of the Gospels who have never traveled away from their own homes.

O near and dear Master, quicken the consciousness of Thyself in the hearts of all of us; that in spirit and in truth we may follow in Thy footsteps. Amen.

MONDAY, JULY 11

TWO WAYS OF TRAVEL

I MUST WORK.
READ JOHN 9:1-7.

DURING our long sojourn in Jerusalem we came into close association with a variety of travelers. All were intent on seeing Jerusalem. One kind dawdled about the hospice, faring forth only in tow of a guide, content to go where he led them. Another group, missionaries, knew what they wanted to see and wasted no time about it. Into three days they crowded all that is outstanding of the old city's memories, usually going alone, with map and guide-book and their own store of Bible knowledge. They laid up a full store of memories.

Most of us, I fear, are represented by that first type of travelers. We drift through the days, wasting precious hours. We take what comes, without discrimination. The idea of a purpose pursued with diligence is alien to us. We are without definite objectives in life.

Jesus was throughout mastered by a great motive. "I must work," said He. "For this purpose came I into the world." We must put meaning into life if we would get satisfaction out of it.

For fixed hearts and clear aims we pray today, O God of infinite purposes. May we not fail to be seekers always. Amen.

TUESDAY, JULY 12

THE FLOWERS STILL BLOOM

THE FLOWER FADETH.
READ ISA. 40:1-11.

ONCE crowded with cities, and the world's ongoing life, this northern shore of Galilee has seen the rise and fall of many civilizations. The record may be read in the ruins. Before the dawn of history, this spot was populous.

Eleven sites of prehistoric settlements
(Continued on page 44)

Trouble Shooter

FOR THE CITY OF THE ANGELS

By CRAWFORD TROTTER

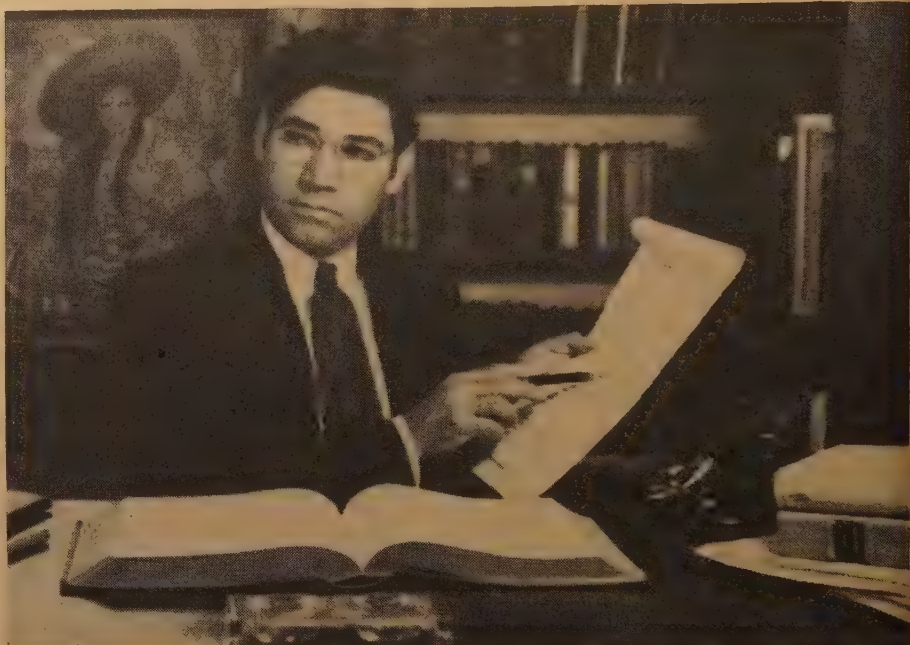
ONE of the Methodist ministers in a swank suburb of Los Angeles was arrested for driving too slowly over a bridge, but a younger preacher of the same denomination in the same "City of the Angels" recently cut recklessly through the downtown traffic of his parish, and when he had reached the Ridge Route Highway he was stepping up his speed to sixty-sixty-five-seventy miles an hour!

The State Patrolmen are reputed to clock all cars passing certain points on this new boulevard. This driver perhaps may have been cautious in such sections, because somehow he reached Sacramento unhindered and in record time for a clergyman.

No movie plot ever held a more genuine heart-throb than motivated the impulsive journey up the whole length of California. In San Quentin Penitentiary they were dressing a man for execution. It was only a matter of hours before he would be jerked into eternity. Francisco O. Quintanilla, Mexican minister, held new evidence that might possibly prove the condemned man was not a murderer. Hour after hour he pushed on to the Capitol to spread his sheaf of documents before Governor Merriam.

The Legislature was in session. The Governor was speaking and could not be interrupted. Quintanilla had before-time failed to reach him with telegrams. Now he was facing other handicaps. Not the least of his hindrances is his incoherence in a telephone conversation when he is exceedingly earnest and tries to express himself in English. Impetuous Latin as he is, he slides easily—and quite frequently—from voluble but broken English into fluent Spanish. Clerks and secretaries either could or would not understand. But by sheer and unabashed insistence he monopolized the wires until he ultimately made the point exceedingly plain that he could not be thwarted from seeing the Governor. That genial statesman and Presbyterian layman, was handed the message at last!

Perhaps the Governor recognized a sincerity in this desperate anxiety. Perhaps it was a matter of principle with him to deny no man an opportunity to seek justice. Other affairs of State waited as



Top—even the Mexican babies in Los Angeles have their troubles, apparently. Above, Francisco Quintanilla in the study of the old church where he serves his Mexican parishioners. Facing page, a typical Mexican laborer

he declared a five minute recess and came out of the Legislature to listen to the unconventional Mexican from the "City of the Angels."

The next morning a leading Los Angeles daily carried a brief paragraph stating that arrangements for a double hanging in the penitentiary had been changed. Only one man had walked up the thirteen steps to his death. Justo Ramirez's penalty had been delayed.

In course of time it was duly established that Ramirez was not a criminal. However, the manner of securing the final reprieve is another story about a flood of telegrams over California and telephone calls to Mexico City, paid for from the slender salary of the preacher Francisco Quintanilla. Without such an advocate, that bewildered foreigner had not had a loophole of escape.

What might be the inner feelings of one facing his very imminent end without the excitement of combat to carry his courage along, stirred my curiosity. I recalled that it was in the heat of battle that Lord Macaulay's pagan hero, Horatio, cried out, "And how can man die better than

facing fearful odds?" So I sought permission to read Ramirez's letter to the mission preacher who had befriended him in prison.

In what he believed to be his last letter from the death cell there was not one word about injustice. He never mentioned his innocence. There were no tears and he asked for nothing but the prayers of the Christian people—those humble folk who comprise the congregation of Quintanilla's church, "El Buen Pastor." With almost Biblical cadence this illiterate dictated to an amanuensis in the jail his tidings beginning: "Greeting in the Precious Name of The Lord Christ Jesus, Our Saviour. . . ."

Through the letter of this unfortunate victim of a ghastly mistake, there was a rhythmic grouping of words that could only proceed from a heart that naturally found expression in music. That serene self-control of Christian confidence, evidenced in every word, shamed any pagan valor.

"I shall be executed. . . ." he states without elaboration and without panic. He continues in his own peculiar style of



pression: "I am sure my God has forgiven me for Christ's (sake) and that He will give me *eternal* life in His glorious presence for always—always."

It was such a witness of an inward sustaining faith rather than his own adventure of the race with death along "*El Camino Real*" that thrilled the good shepherd of the Mexican church of The Good Shepherd.

The swarthy cleric had been doing his routine "trouble shooting" when he first approached Ramirez. Newspapers had published brief items about an obscure Mexican convicted on a serious charge. First, and apparently only thing that could be done by any alert pastor on reading the news, was to get this man in the jail cell right with God. Quintanilla

step over fresh green lawns to the office of the trouble shooter. It costs about fifty dollars a month for water to keep the grass green and the flowers and shrubs flourishing, but a Mexican expects to see God's House a place of beauty.

In a remark made to a brother minister, he revealed the technique of his success. "I meet nearly all my congregation in the first contact, in trouble." He thus finds in the bewilderment of broken lives in a foreign settlement, more than the economic distress found by the usual welfare agencies. That universal wish to reach beyond himself and find himself in God may or may not be more easily observed in the Mexican laborer. I do not know. At all events Quintanilla knows the heart hungers of his own people. To his Anglo-

is being completed a room at a time, and is still undedicated, because the pastor and his people share the same naive conviction that a Sanctuary cannot be dedicated to God unless the bills are paid. Simply viewed as they see it, the building is not theirs to give. They use it until such time as it is completed, but it would be dishonest to embarrass their Heavenly Father with a mortgage.

The younger set of married Mexicans with families of little folk to provide for, laid more than \$2,000 on the altar for the finishing of the Sanctuary. Most of this came from hourly labor wages. As the ancient Jews held the vision of the altar restored on the Holy Hill, just so tenaciously do these olive-skinned people believe their feet shall stand upon ground made sacred and held inviolate for the one purpose of dignified worship. Today they worship in the halls where they play, and that is a serious matter to the Latin temperament and training.

With money as scarce as it is in the Little Mexico of Los Angeles, the pastor sold sixty-four Bibles last year. At the same time he was handing out 7,400 free tracts by personal distribution.

Although his people throng about him as the common people gladly crowded about his Master in Galilee, there were days in the past when nobody came to his office seeking aid. Indeed, he began without an office. He began without a church and he began without a salary. Yet God gave him his message under strange and dramatic circumstances.

With a message from God and music in his heart he tramped from door to door in those Mexican quarters that later became the field of many miracles. In the same streets that are still his pastorate, he worked for six months without response.

His call to service happened strangely. Francisco Quintanilla arrived in California an embittered and desperate youth. For four years he had been fighting as a Captain in Pancho Villa's army. When he was only seventeen years old the main army was defeated and he had already fought through three successive revolutions. He was adrift, a survivor of a lost cause and in a strange land.

He had seen wealth piled up in glittering bars of looted gold, but now he walked the streets of a California city hungry and without a friend. He was wounded and sick. For five days he had fought down there below the Border without food and with very little water. But the boy officer was not entirely calloused. He had remained with his men when the *desperadoes* were defeated, and he had led them to escape. Behind him lay the first-hand witnessing of mass executions, desecrated churches, ravished homes and a looted Fatherland, at an age when most American boys are still in High School classes.

His father and mother and property were gone when he reached California. His men were scattered. He was standing on a street corner—a total failure at seventeen.

Among the Christian Mexicans of Pasadena was a quiet man who spoke to other Mexicans when he thought they seemed to be in trouble. He spotted the prematurely hardened boy and invited him to church. Francisco had bitter

(Continued on page 63)



thought of it first. So he wrote in Spanish and mailed four pointed questions to about his soul. The stay of execution, and then the reprieve, were later decrements and only incidental to the purpose of his contact with his fellow-countryman. Protecting helpless Mexicans freed every day's business with him. To minister to every third resident of a parish teeming with people, and to reach annually to crowds that represent the population of the same area, constitutes something of a record for a minister officiating in any language. Or, if in terms a little different, there are 100 Mexicans in the parish of "*El Buen Pastor*" and over 7,000 different individuals came under the direct ministry of this pastor during the past twelve months. Exclusive of all social activities, the attendance at strictly religious meetings during the same period has been 77,421. Swarms of children and young people find recreation in the social halls of the buildings. Unfortunates and others find his office all day long. But mostly, the unfortunates who cross the railroad tracks and the dusty street, then to

Saxon brother he continued: "Today I had thirteen. Yesterday there were forty and the day before yesterday I had to help thirty."

"I seldom go after new people any more," he confided. "Nowadays they come to me. After they call at the office I go to their homes. The first thing I do within the home is to invite them to kneel down and we pray together. I could not do that naturally if I had not had the opening made by their first advances. Every pastoral call has to have a purpose. After prayer—then we work out the problems."

If the problem is sickness in the family group, the minister knows of doctors and clinics where there will be no exploitation. Quacks and racketeers take their toll of the docile Latins who cannot speak the language of a land where they are simply sojourners. In recent months arrangements were made from the church office for 275 medical cases that otherwise might have been victimized.

The people are pitifully poor. The program moves only as far and as fast as the funds in hand permit. The new church

DAILY MEDITATIONS FOR THE QUIET HOUR

(Continued from page 41)

have been discovered on the edge of the lake by archaeologists. A mile or so away was found the skull of the Galilee man, who lived, say the anthropologists, many thousands of years ago.

Change is the keynote of the place. Yet the same wild flowers cover the hills and fields with a carpet of indescribable loveliness. Cities and castles have risen and fallen, and been buried; but the gorgeous red lilies, the yellow marguerites, the purple lupines, and a score of other flowers which the cave man knew, still bloom, heedless of history's mutations.

It is the common things and the common ways of the common people that survive the disasters of the centuries. Ordinary life, like the field flowers, must be precious in the sight of the Ruler of the Universe.

Quicken our love for life's common-places, O Eternal Father. In all our relationships may we be sincere and steadfast. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 13

SHARDS FROM THE WHOLE WORLD

LOVED THE WORLD.
READ JOHN 3:14-21.

WE SAW men with spades yesterday exploding the idea that Jesus was a small town peasant ignorant of the big world. A keen young German archaeologist is digging in what he believes to be the true site of Capernaum. This is on the northwest corner of the Lake of Galilee, on the Plain of Genessaret; and further east, at Tell Hum.

Through this spot ran the ancient caravan road between Damascus and Egypt and the west. We saw beautiful mosaics, intact; but of greater interest were the fragments of pottery, from far China, India, Persia and Babylonia and Greece and Rome.

These reminders of the cosmopolitan character of the site testify to the varied life amidst which Jesus lived. He was familiar with the march of trade and of military imperialism. His surroundings conduced to world-mindedness.

Our Lord had material reasons for thinking in terms of all the varied races of mankind. Now, anew, His message comes to us to live in world-relationship and for world welfare.

Father of all mankind, who lovest all races in all times, grant unto us today a fresh measure of the spirit of the cosmopolitan Christ. Amen.

THURSDAY, JULY 14

KEEPING HERMON IN SIGHT

INTO A HIGH MOUNTAIN.
READ MATT. 17:1-8.

ONLY the Himalayas, in my experience, transcend the glory of Mt. Hermon, the sentinel peak of the Holy Land,

the scene of our Lord's Transfiguration. The spectacle of this long, snow-covered peak, or ridge, is not to be described by mortal pen. It is transcendent, celestial; an experience that enters into the soul.

I have seen Mt. Hermon from many angles—north, south, east and west—but I have never climbed to its summit, and never shall. That is one of the adventures too high for me. But I can enjoy it from afar, and feel the thrill that only sheer beauty imparts. The vision itself is a real experience. With the Psalmist, we cry "I will lift up my eyes unto the hills."

Surely, God means that every life's landscape should hold a Hermon—a great hour that is to be a long memory; a touch of the glory that is yet to be when we shall surmount all Hermons in unfettered power and vision.

Thou hast set mountain peaks before our vision, O God, as a summons and as a solace. We thank Thee for the glimpses of Transfiguration heights: may they clarify our eyes and our spirits. Amen.

FRIDAY, JULY 15

PILATE'S SUCCESSOR

THEN PILATE . . . SCOURGED HIM.
READ JOHN 19:1-19.

"DID you catch the significance of it—the successor to Pontius Pilate, supreme ruler of all this Land, serving the elements of the sacrament to a cosmopolitan congregation of Christians?" asked the Scotch pastor, after communion service at St. Andrew's, of which Sir Arthur Wauchope, the retiring High Commissioner of Palestine is an elder.

One governor sent Jesus to the cross; his mightier successor served the symbols of that death to representatives of a Church that covers the whole earth. Pontius Pilate has departed into the limbo of eternal shame; a greater than he, in the same post, confesses himself a humble disciple of the Crucified. The contrast is dramatic and meaningful.

God's reversals are a part of His providence. His sovereignty is not to be measured by any single act or personality. In His own good time He vindicates Himself.

We pray to Thee on Thy throne, O Eternal Father—the throne that rules over all. May we enter into Thy patience to await truth's vindication. Amen.

SATURDAY, JULY 16,

FRIENDS IN FAR PLACES

UPON EVERY REMEMBRANCE OF YOU.
READ PHIL. 1:1-11.

AS I stood in the brilliant sunshine by the shore of Galilee, half an hour ago, a breezy stranger accosted me by name. He had heard me speak in St. Louis a year ago. There is a peculiar delight in meeting friends from the homeland when one is in far places; and I have had a full measure of this joy.

"It's a small world," is the usual banal comment. Really, it is a large world, with room for the crossing and recrossing of many paths. Before my St. Louis friend appeared, I had been talking with a man from India about our common friend, Dr. Poling. The ties that bind human lives together stretch far and wide. We need these frequent reminders that our Christian fellowship is world wide.

As part of our daily devotions, we should remember our fellow disciples in distant places, and pray that our oneness may ever be more real.

Lord of us all, Head of the whole family of faith, we thank Thee for the touches of Christian kinship. Make the whole Church real to us. Amen.

SUNDAY, JULY 17

FLOWERS AND STONES

THINK ON THE THINGS.
READ PHIL. 4:1-9.

WHEN we made the difficult ascent of a southern spur of Mt. Hermon, my concern was with the million stones in the way; Milady's interest was in the beautiful flowers by the way, many of them new to her. She rode a donkey with three Arabs in attendance—she always was a dame of squires—and she quickly entered into her spirit, gleaning floral treasures for her. I came down thankful that my bad knee had behaved itself, and that I had narrowly missed two good chances for breaking my neck. She returned, exulting in the flowers and view, and loud in praises of her escort, "perfect gentlemen."

That is life in little. One traveler sees the stones of stumbling along the road; another, on the same route, gathers beautiful flowers. For even on the stoniest ways, flowers grow. There is human beauty of character, and natural beauty of heaven and of earth, for whomsoever has eyes to see.

Grant unto us the gift of vision, bountiful Father, that in all our ways and through all of the days, we may behold the beauty Thou hast lavished upon Thy world. Amen.

MONDAY, JULY 18

A LITTLE BOAT RIDE

IN THE DAYS OF HIS FLESH.
READ HEB. 5:1-12.

I HAVE been doing in reality what a few of us may do in imagination—making a little tour by boat of the upper shore of the Lake of Galilee. No other body of the Holy Land is so crowded with the footprints of Jesus. Yonder is Magdala, home of Mary Magdalene; beyond is the Roman road to Damascus; this is the Plain of Genessaret, possibly the site of Capernaum; here, at beautiful Tabgha, where we lodge, is the site of Bethsaida; beyond is the site of the feeding of the five thousand, with its fourth century mosaic of loaves and fishes. (Continued on page 46)



Hiking in the beautiful environs of St. Davos, Switzerland, is a delight for both teacher and pupil. Photo by E. Meerkamper



Fishing near St. Moritz, the European fisherman's paradise. Photos courtesy Swiss Federal Railway

Switzerland and New Zealand

*At the Ends
of the Earth*

By
B. A. Decker

SHOULD you happen on an exodus of travelers bound either East or South, don't trouble to look at the labels on their baggage. Even manifest in their faces you'll probably see "Switzerland" or "New Zealand" . . . and for varying reasons, though mostly due to the ravings of other people. For instance:

Can you imagine a place where there are no paupers and no millionaires? Where the death rate is lowest in the world—hence the healthiest spot in the world? A lake on which stones float? Cliffs of alum and cliffs of sulphur?

Well, that's New Zealand. And tourists returning from this spot, which seems as if about to drop off the southern hemisphere, rave about it.

Then, like all of us, I suppose you'll want to turn your nose up at the thought that one of the most beautiful spots in the world terminates in "The End of the World"—?

Well, that's Switzerland's Engelberg for you.

As a third sort of "stop and thinker"—the next time you're humming the "Londerry Air" try to remember the name of the queen after which it originally was named. 'Member?

But about this "End of the World" business. Next time a little mountain climbing feels in order, book passage for Switzerland and make tracks for Engelberg. Don't fail to stroll through lovely Oberstal . . . and don't be surprised at

being stopped abruptly by a bulwark of perpendicular cliffs.

This is "*Das Ende der Welt*" as natives of long ago termed the spot . . . and as a matter of fact it is to all intents and purposes because the trail stops short and there's only one way to go—back!

And isn't it so typical of people who live with nature and love her, that this "End of the World" also should be near a "Horses' Heaven"? Such is the case, for a little below the village is Rosshimmel, a cluster of houses on a greensward surrounded by firs.

It is here that horses, after pulling heavy loads over the steep gradient from Grafenort, enjoy a breathing spell. Today, the railway coming from Stansstad has done much to ease the burden of the animals, but those which still do duty up the incline no doubt regard Rosshimmel as a true heaven.

Engelberg's beautiful walks are renowned; and especially recommended are spots like Schwand, Bergli, the Tatschbach Fall, Herrenruti and Arnitobel. Gerschialp and Trubsee also are delightful and can be reached by cable and aerial railways.

Would-be and seasoned Alpinists still regard the Titlis, 10,627 feet above sea level, with favor, and from the Trubsee Hotel this not at all difficult peak can be climbed in four and a half hours.

For the stay-at-homes there's Engelberg's pride—the beautifully laid out open air swimming pool which can be artificially heated. Also the twelfth century Benedictine Abbey around which the history of the village is woven. Today the Monastery School, now a Lyceum, is a noted educational establishment for boys.

Engelberg, of course, means "Mount of the Angels," a name you'll remember when, after your return home, memory recalls the melodious carillons of the Abbey bells.

And now for the place where a couple of good ideas might be applied to our home wreckonomic circumstances . . . New Zealand. It's a long jump from Switzerland, but let's imagine doing it by way of the Magic Carpet!

New Zealand is a happy country. Everybody works—on farms or in factories. There is no room for the lazy or the improvident. There are no people to be exploited.

And for the most beautiful scenery in the South Seas take the excursion from Auckland to Roraturu.

Here you'll meet nature in the raw and beautiful . . . the lake on which pennies and flat stones will float . . . steam holes in the earth over which food can be cooked . . . green lakes and blue lakes

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DAILY MEDITATIONS FOR THE QUIET HOUR

(Continued from page 44)

fishes; Tell Hum may have been Capernaum, or another one of the cities that crowded the lakeside in our Lord's day; over yon hill—a stony way, as I have proved—lies Chorazin; and on the unexcavated Tell behind the plain that comes down to meet the Jordan and the lake, once stood Bethsaida Julius. Across the water is the veritable slope down which the demon-possessed swine ran to destruction.

Over all the scene looms the figure of Jesus, who knew this shore as we can never hope to know it. And He is most real in the days of His flesh to those to whom He is today most real in spirit.

We thank Thee, O Lord, for the Land that Jesus loved, and in which He labored. May our hearts, too, be His homeland. Amen.

TUESDAY, JULY 19

BY CAESAREA'S SPRING

INTO THE COASTS OF CAESAREA—PHILIPPI.
READ MATT. 16:13-20.

GUSHING forth, cold and clear and sweet, from a great cave at the foot of Mt. Hermon, is one of the three sources of the Jordan River. This is Caesarea Philippi, the scene of our Lord's "Passion of the North." Here He unfolded to His disciples that He must suffer and be crucified. All of the broken monuments of departed imperial splendor that lay about us, meant less to us than this tragic hour in the life of Jesus.

As we ate our lunch, to the music of the bubbling waters, a crowd of children and men from the squalid village that was once a noble city surrounded us. The boys shyly offered us ancient coins. We shared our food with them (the little Moslems did not know that they were eating despised pork), and Milady feared that our favorite, the blue-eyed, flaxen-haired little miss whom we called "Miss Baldwin," because of her obvious crusader blood, would have digestive troubles before the day was over.

Cities rise and fall; but the life of the common people goes on, throughout the generations and centuries.

We would know ourselves, O Eternal Father, as but parts of the ceaseless tides of life that sweep through the ages. Nevertheless, we are Thy children, and objects of Thy particular care.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 20

CRUSADERS WERE BUILDERS

IF ANY MAN'S WORK ABIDE.
READ I COR. 3:9-17.

THAT glorious, mad, fantastic, spiritually-ecstatic, yet sordid and proud adventure known as the Crusades, has left high marks on the Holy Land. The chain of incredibly mighty fortresses, that could signal from peak to peak, have proved to be more enduring monuments than any of the works of the many im-

perial conquerors who have swept over the Land.

Crusaders were not only dauntless, but they were also mighty builders. They wrought wonders in stone, with prodigious skill and labor which still astound us. Their handiwork will remain as a marvel for centuries to come. Their chisels and hammers wrought more permanently than their swords.

Something akin to envy fills the observer. The tasks that engage our daily powers seem so trivial and perishable. There surges the ambition to do something that will last.

Thou hast promised, O Lord, that our work should remain. Give us high hearts for great service even in smallest spheres.



CREATE A LIVING MEMORIAL FOR YOUR LOVED ONES

By endowing a cot in perpetuity. Invest \$500 in the life of a slum child. Cot endowment funds are put into bonds and the income from them insures vacations for underfed children. When you make your will remember the children who have no inheritance—not even the heritage of good health.

FORM OF BEQUEST

"I give and bequeath to The Christian Herald Children's Home, a corporation created by and existing under the laws of the State of New York, the sum of _____ dollars to be applied to the uses of the said charitable corporation."

Signed by.....

THURSDAY, JULY 21

THE STONY STEEP

I COUNTED LOSS FOR CHRIST.
READ PHIL. 3:7-14.

THIS morning my joints are stiff and aching, from yesterday's climb, from Caesarea Philippi up to the mighty ruins of the great Crusader castle of Nimrod,

on one of the southern ramparts of Mt. Hermon. It was the stoniest trail I have ever traveled; paid for by rare, wide views, and by the massive handiwork of the doughty warrior-builders in a romantic empire.

But my thoughts today are less of the arduous ascent, and of the wonders seen, than of the Christ who, with His band, once roamed this region. There is no intimation in the Gospels of the stiff climb which took Jesus up to the Mount of Transfiguration: it may have been the very peak we visited yesterday. The glow of His presence pervades my afterthoughts.

How little He cared for difficulties; and how arduous were the journeys He made, as He roamed these hills which surround me as I write.

May the fixed purposes of our lives, Heavenly Father, be so real and so supreme, that we shall give little heed to the difficulties that attend our days.

FRIDAY, JULY 22

BREAKFAST BY THE JORDAN

CHILDREN. HAVE YE ANY MEAT?
READ JOHN 21:1-14.

HAVING in mind the breakfast of fish cooked over the coals by our out-of-doors Master for His weary friends, we, too, had a similar meal, on or near the same spot. We had gone by water from Tabgha to where the Jordan flows into the Lake of Galilee, and the hospitable Arabs prepared for us a late breakfast.

Our principal food, in addition to the native bread, was broiled fish, cooked over the coals, with the flavor of the fire still upon them. They were mostly what is locally called "Saint Peter's fish." We ate with our fingers, primitive fashion, and an Arab later poured water on our hands. All this food and service was without a bit of backsheesh, which would have affronted their hospitality.

Deep in the minds of all of us was thought of the Christ who cared for His friends' material needs, and with His own hands ministered to them.

In the realized nearness of Jesus, we would learn anew, our Father, the religiousness of simple service and of sincere hospitality. Amen.

SATURDAY, JULY 23

THE KITCHEN SAINTS

JESUS LOVED MARTHA.
READ JOHN 11:1-6, 18-30.

FATHER TAEPPER has as helpers at Tabgha: four sweet-faced nuns, who, with Bedouin assistants, do all the household work of this large establishment. They begin their day with mass at six-thirty o'clock, and thenceforward are busy with housekeeping tasks.

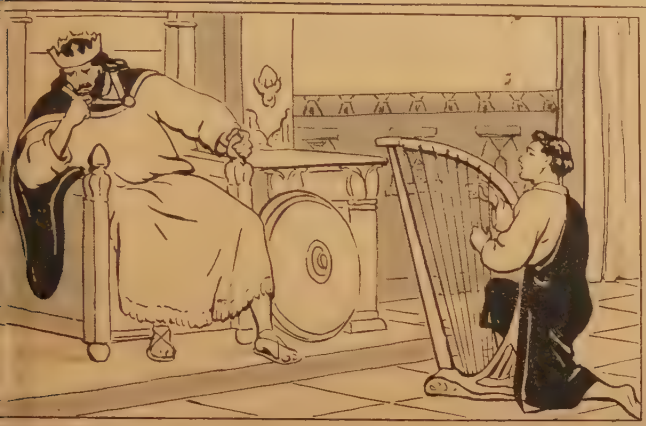
They are of the sisterhood of Martha, kitchen saints, who serve our Lord by
(Continued on page 50)

The Story of David

Told by Merna Gamble

This page is especially designed for children—or grownups—to color. We invite your comments upon it.

Read I Samuel, Chapters 17-22; II Samuel, Chapter 5



It came to pass that when Saul was King of Israel, an evil spirit troubled him; so his servants brought David, the youngest son of Jesse. And when the frenzy was upon Saul, David played his harp and the evil spirit departed.



When the enormous man, Goliath, appeared as champion of the Philistines and defied Israel, the Israelites were afraid. He called for a man to fight with him, and the people were amazed when David, a mere youth, presented himself.



David knew the spirit of the Lord was with him for the Philistines had defied God. So he took his sling and stones and smote Goliath in the forehead and he fell to earth. David drew forth the sword of the Philistine and slew him.



The Philistines fled and Saul was so grateful that he took David to live with him in his house. Jonathan, the king's son, and David became great friends; and Jonathan gave David his royal apparel and his sword and bow.



Saul set him over the men of war and David soon became so popular that Saul grew very jealous of him. Twice he hurled his sharp javelin at him, but David escaped, and fled to Gath and later to the land of Judah.



When Saul died his son, Ish-bosheth, became king of Israel, and David king of Judah. The House of David waxed stronger, the House of Saul weaker. Finally Ish-bosheth was slain, and David became king of all Israel.

DUST BOUND

(Continued from page 35)

get there?" the child persisted.

"Anyone near enough can make a mask out of white cheese-cloth dipped in cold water, to protect his eyes and nose and mouth. Then he can dip it in more water at the barn—"

A little later she heard Priscilla shouting.

"Miss Lane, he's gone! Peter's gone!"

"Gone!" She opened the door, but a wilderness of sand blew in and others sprang to close it.

"His calf—to get it. He cut holes in his handkerchief and soaked it in water. . . ."

The schoolhouse seemed to tip like a boat on a sandy sea, then settled back. It was black outside.

"Peter can't get home!" Mary Lou said dully. "He'll be beaten to death." Her voice rose. "He'll be choked to death! I must go—"

The door was opening again and she glanced up hopefully. It might be Peter. Two men, active in the life of the community, were entering. One of them held Peter.

"Found him just outside, spinning like a top," the spokesman explained. "Better lock the doors and hide the keys. No place for a child or a man, either."

"The country's taking a beating all right," the second man said. "Roger Courtland said it would come. We were so pigheaded we thought he was a crazy young fool. No wonder he gave us up as a bad job and took the teaching offer."

"He's—leaving?" Mary Lou asked.

"He's gone. Rode over to the train this morning. Sent his stuff on ahead yesterday."

He had given up. He had gone. Well, hadn't she wanted him to? But he had not asked her to go with him. The ravished sand threw itself more madly against the wooden building.

Now, when it was too late, she knew that Roger had been right. It might take forty years to lead the people through the wilderness, but again there would be Canaan where fields were green and the paths followed the still waters.

From a memory verse the old words came back. . . . "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want. . . . He maketh me to lie down in green pastures. . . ."

"Soil erosion," the neighbor went on. "It's happened here. What will we do for a leader—now that we want to learn?"

"Maybe you can get word through to Roger to stay?" Mary Lou suggested.

One man shook his head. "We got the station when the storm started. He hadn't reached it yet and the train had gone. He's been held up somewhere."

Then Roger knew that his ominous prophecy had been fulfilled. He had been caught in it. He might be dying out there. . . .

She seized her rain coat, that hung in her room, unused from one month's end to the next. It was stiff and rough to her touch. She tore her slip and obtained a square of silk big enough for a mask. No one was watching her. The others had turned away from the hall door.

She opened it. Her ankles sank into sand. It rose to meet her knees. No, she couldn't go on. She must go back. And wait.

She tried to turn.

"Say, what do you think you're doing? Taking a holiday stroll?"

There was only one voice in the world with that easy strength, that ready laughter, that quiet acceptance of its duty.

"Oh Roger!" Her heart began to sing a paean of joy, as jubilant as a Psalm from David.

Roger swung her over the threshold, and drew her into her own room, which was deserted. His face was nearly black, his eyes were red-rimmed and sore, his lips were cracked, and his eyes were tired.

"I came back, Mary Lou. I can't walk out on my people, after all."

"Of course not, Roger." She forgot that only this morning she could not have said such words.

"They will need me now, more than ever. I had decided you were right . . . I was going to write to you later about it. But we'll get you out of this mess as soon as the roads open. It's no place for a woman—I see that now."

"Oh no, Roger!" Suddenly she understood how her great grandmother had felt when she started on the western trek, knowing that there would be firelight and shelter somewhere across the plains only if the wagon wheels held. She was born from the stock of pioneers, people who did not fail their mission as they watched a land bring forth its fruits. She came from women who had watched the smoke of future homes rise on the prairie wind when the camp fire burned. And almost she had forgotten.

"I belong here, too," she said simply. "There's heart erosion, too, Roger, as well as soil erosion. It shows you how much you need binding roots for love—something to make love stay. Roger, I want to work with you."

Priscilla came into the room.

"You never came on nice days, Mr. Courtland," she said. "And now you got here in a storm—"

Faint, far away, a rumble sounded. They hurried to a window, the man, the woman and the little girl. Roger pulled aside the blind.

A thin, bright line of lightning was penciling the sky, and the dust was quieting. The line of light ran down the sky, blue, green, violet, red. Its prophecy foretold the ending of the drought, the coming of rain. Cold and sweet and clean, blue and silver and green and white, it would fall on the broken earth.

"Excuse me, Courtland," the voice of one of the dust-bound farmers came from the doorway. "If you'll stay with us, we'll do whatever you say. We believe in you. You told us that if we neglected the land there might be a dust storm. Now show us how to build up the soil."

"That's my job!" Roger sang back.



Moving?

Remember, it requires a month for a change of address to be made on our subscription lists. So notify us a month in advance of any such contemplated move.

His hand tightened around Mary Lou's slim fingers.

She was thinking that once a land, far away and long ago, had been destroyed by locusts when a people had failed their trust. A plague had come, another time when they refused to listen to the warning. And once, to another group, had been given a flood.

But these people were her people. They had tilled the soil and brought a nation into being, swung the flag of freedom and industry into the bright air. Unwittingly they had overworked their soil, and now it was a glorious quest to make it well again.

"Will you stay with me, Mary Lou?" Roger asked in a low voice. "Do you mean what you just said?"

"The top soil never gives when the roots are there," she answered happily. "I'm planting mine firmly—I'll keep it watered. . . . I'll stay always, Roger!"

"It's raining, Miss Lane," said Priscilla from the window. "You can't smell the dust any more!"

MEET JOE HESS

(Continued from page 29)

need—to the extent that his working capital became tied up on his books. It is time for those who were helped by Joe's generosity to repay the debt."

On February 26th, the biggest sale that Joe ever saw took place in his store, and he couldn't say a word about it. Time and again he tried to remonstrate when he saw what some of the "specials" were. Each time he was told, "Go sit on a tack!"

Joe's stock was depleted and his cash register rang merrily. People's eyes glowed brighter and everybody was laughing.

The sale was a natural, because the background of the idea was resting on a firm foundation—"Cast thy bread upon the waters and it will be returned tenfold."

Joe Hess is grateful to the folks down in Danville. He said, "But I didn't charge them a cent more than the goods were worth. If there were any high priced goods sold they were sold by some one not in my employ. Why I'm told that two boxes of stiff collars sold for ten dollars. I had about sixty boxes of them and would have sold the whole lot for five dollars. In fact, I would have been willing to give them away. But it did thrill me to see my old friends flock in. You say for me that I can never forget their expression of friendship, and I really do not know why they did it."

Over in Germany the Jews are being persecuted. Some of Joe's relatives are still in the old country, and I imagine that when he receives their letters he wonders why the folks down in Danville are so good to him.

All I can say is what my father always taught me; "It's not a man's religion, race, or color that counts—it's what the man himself is."

Joe Hess is a man, and a good one, and I'm sure Sallie Schwartz, Methodist, wouldn't have married him. Folks down in Danville, Indiana, love him—and I believe Joe Hess is glad he lives in America!

ADVICE TO MOTHERS FROM A MAN

...AGE 4

1. If your kids act up over taking a lax-a-tive, I've got some advice...



2. ...don't use force. That's awful old-fashioned.

3. ...don't bribe. It's bad psychology.

4. Do what the doc told my Mom to do. Get the lax-a-tive made *special* for children.



5. It's called Fletcher's Castoria. It's safe. Hasn't a harsh drug in it. Won't gripe. And won't upset a kid's system. (I oughta know!)

6. And it's the *swellest tastin'* lax-a-tive ever poured into a spoon. Kids go nuts over it!

7. I heard the doc tell Mom that almost half the babies in the country take Fletcher's Castoria reg-u-lull-lull-ally ... reg-u-lull-ill ... *often*.

8. *Psst!* Be wise. Ask your druggist for the Family-Size Bottle — like Mom does. Saves money.

9. And hist!—be sure to look for the signature Chas. H. Fletcher.



Chas. H. Fletcher **CASTORIA**

The **SAFE** laxative made specially for babies and growing children

(Continued from page 28)

seems rapid, sometimes very slow. The path of time seems to be traveling actively forward from far back somewhere. Time has been referred to by some as a dimension—a fourth dimension. It has at least the dimensions of a line, for "dimension" means a measurement in two directions, like our familiar space dimensions, forward and back, up and down, right and left (like six brothers).

Let us see if we can now make use of the time path. We have just experimentally traveled the space path, outward to the stars and returning, inward to the atomic spaces and returning! But without experiment we are always, all of us, apparently traveling along the time path forward from back there where the path of time began.

We have difficulty in speeding ahead of time to the centuries to come. We can, however, look back over the path we have already traveled. The question, "Whence came we?" is easier to answer than the question "Whither traveling?" Let us turn back along the time path and explore. Science gives the choice of two alternatives: (1) time began once upon a time or, on the other hand, (2) never was there a beginning. Science knows of nothing that never had a beginning and is therefore forced to the conclusion that there was a beginning of time.

Consider, now, the beginning of time. Science offers us another alternative. (1) Time either began all by itself (something self created), or (2) times was created by something else that had the power to create it. In any event science demands a creator to account for the be-

ginning of time, although many scientists have never thought of it and may be much surprised when confronted with the necessity. Science similarly finds itself in the position of demanding a creator for the material universe. As to the material universe, science offers again two alternatives: (1) the universe was created as it is or (2) it became this way by a process of development from simple things—a process of evolution.

Science has chosen the second—evolution, and has much evidence for its convictions. Tracing the course of evolution back to the beginning of matter, molecules, atoms and, as we saw, down to electrons and protons. Science is confronted with the necessity of inquiring, where did they come from? How did they begin? Did they create themselves or were they created at the beginning by some Power that could and did create?

In either event science has become aware of a Creator for substance as well as a creator for time. Science demands, therefore, three things in order (1) a beginning, (2) a creation and (3) a Creator. Science, however, does not give the Creator a name.

Or does it? Perhaps the name Creator will provide a good beginning. It recognizes as fact the first two words of the Lord's Prayer, "Our Father." That is going a long way, much farther than they realize. In fact, it is going all the way.

The full realization of this fact lies along the path of increasing awareness. Consider it well. Consider it long. Science takes us back to creation and discovers a Creator. Now let us go back before that time—before creation.

Sit down and wait for the event, alone with the Creator. You should be very comfortable there alone with your Father. The world has yet to begin. Neither height nor depth nor time nor any other creature has yet been created. The first electrons and protons have yet to be and begin, the march of the dancing atoms calling to each other has not been started. And yet to follow is the march of the molecules, joining hands into platoons, companies, regiments of increasing harmony leading to the dawn of life and march upward to its lordly forms of proud man—little man—man with his face yet forward. And thus we have seen our beginning, our evolution, our present state, but it doth not yet appear what we shall be. Not yet!

We have traveled together through the stars to the outermost bounds of the universe and looked back upon it. We have gone back to the beginnings of things and sat with our Creator, our Father, while the world began and unfolded itself like a scroll. Meditate upon these things. Become increasingly aware of them. Read the universe as you read the Scriptures—and read them together.

Meditate on these things, but do not lose your way back. We can not always stay in the Holy Temple at Jerusalem talking with the Elders. We must go back to Nazareth to tend to our Father's business, to submit ourselves to things as they are and to grow up. There is work to do, there are sheep to tend, lambs to feed and the world's carpenter tasks, shaping the gifts of nature to the needs of man, adding the delights of labor to the delights of discovery. This is a great world.

DAILY MEDITATIONS FOR THE QUIET HOUR

(Continued from page 46)

ministering to the needs of His brethren. Most women belong to their order. Duty-crowded days, over ranges, brooms, beds and washtubs, give small time for pious exercises. But they do their ever-recurring, never-finished tasks as unto Christ Himself.

Great is the company of women who live lives of humble toil as unto Thee, O Christ. Their every labor is a prayer; and we, who are their beneficiaries, give thanks to Thee for them. Amen.

SUNDAY, JULY 24

GALILEE FISHERMEN

I CAN DO ALL THINGS.
READ PHIL. 4:4-13.

MOST of us think of the apostles, as portrayed in Scripture, painting, print and stained glass windows, as stately figures, clad in classic robes. In truth, they more nearly resembled the fishermen of today on the Lake of Galilee, whose few coarse garments were often wet, and who huddled over tiny fares in these limestone caves, trying to get warm and dry after a night's toiling. They endured rain and windswept waves, and the chill of winter and the torrid heat of summer; and, hardest of all, many a fishless haul.

As day after day I study these un-

kempt, laborious fishermen, I muse upon the commonplace human material of which Jesus built His Church. This is the wonder of His continuing achievement: He takes ordinary lives, with common gifts, and makes them over into saints and heroes.

We confess that there is in ourselves no worthiness, O Father. And we are grateful that Thou dost lift our paltriness up into some semblance of the character of our Saviour and example. Amen.

MONDAY, JULY 25

MARBLE AND MUD

NEGLECT NOT THE GIFT.
READ I TIM. 4:12-16.

AT CAESAREA PHILIPPI, as at many another miserable village throughout Bible Lands, I have seen choice cut stones from classical times built into mud hovels. Many a noble sarcophagus is in use today as a water-trough. Inscribed marbles serve as door-sills or lintels. Great pillars are laid crosswise, to support rubbish.

This is a misuse of the treasures of antiquity to which travelers have become accustomed. But is it far different from the manner in which we pervert our heritage of intellectual and spiritual treasures? We are "heirs of all the ages"; but often we build our inheritance into flimsy houses of mud.

Only noble lives can make right use of the noble bequests of the past. Trivial, mean, ignoble ideals are like the mud bricks of the Asiatic peasants. It needs knowledge and skill to build characters up to the level of our possessions from the past.

Inheritors of the grandeur and heroism of the past, we yet live trashy and mean lives; and we confess our sin before Thee, O Father. Amen.

TUESDAY, JULY 26

ONE MAN'S WORK

WITH DILIGENCE.
READ ROM. 12:1-21.

IT IS refreshing to meet a young man who has found a great work, and knows it, and is equal to it. One such is the young German archaeologist who has uncovered the Islamic castle at the north-west shore of the Lake of Galilee. He has done one of the completest, tidiest bits of excavation to be seen in the Near East. His immediate reward is the series of incomparable mosaics he has brought to light. The entire work has been wrought at a cost of thirty-six pounds a month. Dr. Puttrich Reigard spends his winters in digging and his summers studying in Germany. He is as zealous as a fisherman or a big game hunter.

(Continued on page 62)

(Continued from page 45)

within a few yards of each other . . .
 cliffs of alum . . . others of sulphur . . .
 thermal baths of all kinds for all kinds
 of complaints . . . gigantic geysers . . .
 boiling mudholes and hot lakes.

And when you return to Auckland the
 bungalow-type buildings might give you an
 impression of California, except for one
 thing . . . New Zealand law prescribes a
 certain distance between all buildings.

Now I wonder if I've intrigued you so
 far about the name of that queen after
 which Londonderry on the banks of the
 River Foyle is named? Well . . .

Before James I granted lands in that
 vicinity to the City of London (which
 accounts for the prefix), this most north-
 westerly sizable town in Ireland was known
 locally as Derry, being named for a
 queen, one of Erin's daughters, fair
 Daire."

Columba, greatest of the Irish saints
 after Patrick and Brigid, founded his ab-
 bey here, calling it Daire-Columbkille, or
 Columba's Oak Grove.

The settlement maintained its inde-
 pendence until overcome by the English
 in 1609, when it was given to the Corpo-
 ration of London. In a short time Derry
 was enclosed within walls wide enough for
 a coach and four. These walls are well
 preserved today, and on one of the bas-
 tions stands the old cannon affectionately
 known as "Roaring Meg."

On a hill in the center of the St. Co-
 lumba graveyard stands the quaint, squat
 cathedral, with its queer pinnacled tower.
 Nearby looms the fortress stronghold of
 the Lords of Tyrone, and where 'tis said
 that St. Patrick came to baptize Owen,
 first of his family to rule over the prov-
 ince of Tyrone.

Recommended Tours*

Tour A—Westbound Summer World Tour leav-
 ing San Francisco July 8, returning to
 New York September 13. The itinerary
 includes Hawaii, Japan, China, Hong
 Kong, Malaya, Ceylon, India, Arabia,
 Egypt, Malta and France. Rates cover-
 ing cost of steamer and rail transporta-
 tion and hotels, meals and sightseeing
 on shore—\$1125 with Top Class on
 steamers except Tourist Class on
 Atlantic; \$895, with combination of
 Tourist and Second Class in steamers.

Tour B—Mediterranean Cruise in a famous
 cruising liner from London July 30,
 returning August 15, visiting Algiers,
 Naples, Villefranche, Gibraltar and
 Lisbon. Rate \$112 and up. Last con-
 necting steamer from New York, Queen
 Mary, July 20.

Tour C—All-expense conducted 33-day tour of
 Europe, visiting England, Holland by
 motor, Belgium, Germany, Switzerland
 and France; leaving New York July 13
 in a famous Express liner, returning in
 a popular motor liner due New York
 August 14. Cost—\$556 with Tourist
 Class on steamers.

Tour D—All-expense conducted tour of "Nor-
 mandy of the New World" (Gaspé-
 Quebec), 13 days, \$180 single, two
 persons, each \$165; through Adiron-
 dacks outbound, returning through
 New England. Price includes hotel
 rooms, all meals, sidetrips, admissions,
 bellboy and dining room tips.

Tour E—Two six-day conducted all-expense
 tours, (a) New York-Cape Cod and
 Martha's Vineyard; (b) New York-
 Nantucket-Cape Cod. Leave New York
 every Sunday July 3 to Sept. 4 in-
 clusive. Price \$67.50, which includes
 bellboy and dining room tips. Wood's
 Hole, New Bedford, Providence, Prov-
 incetown in itinerary.

*For all details concerning "Recommended Tours"
 and other travel information, please write to the
 Travel Editor at:

CHRISTIAN HERALD

419 Fourth Avenue

New York City

Do As Your Dentist Does— when he cleans your teeth



USE POWDER

All Cleansing Properties
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 Cannot possibly injure or scratch
 the softest enamel
 Costs Less to Use

NOTHING else cleans and polishes
 teeth more quickly and leaves
 them more naturally white—than
 POWDER.

That is why your dentist, when clean-
 ing your teeth, as you know—almost
 always uses powder.

As it is only the powder part of most
 dentifrices that cleans, a dentifrice that
 is all powder just naturally cleans effec-
 tively. Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder is ALL
 POWDER—all cleansing properties.

For over seventy years many dentists
 everywhere have prescribed Dr. Lyon's
 Tooth Powder because normal teeth
 simply cannot remain dull and dingy
 looking when it is used.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder cleans and
 polishes the teeth in a harmless and
 practical way that leaves them sparkling
 with natural brightness. It leaves your
 teeth feeling so much cleaner, your mouth

so refreshed and your breath so sweet
 and pure.

Dr. Lyon's Tooth Powder is a special
 dental powder developed for HOME USE
 by a distinguished practicing dentist.
 Free from all acids, grit or pumice, it can-
 not possibly injure or scratch the softest
 enamel as years of constant use have shown.

Even as a neutralizer in acid mouth
 conditions, Dr. Lyon's is an effective
 antacid.

Brush your teeth with Dr. Lyon's
 Tooth Powder regularly—consult your
 dentist periodically—eat a diet rich in
 minerals and vitamins, and you will be
 doing all that you can possibly do to
 protect your teeth.

Dr. Lyon's is more economical to use.
 In the same size and price class Dr.
 Lyon's Tooth Powder outlasts tooth
 pastes two to one. Even a small package
 will last you for months.

Mrs. Robert Morris



Mr. and Mrs. Morris and their two daughters live at Arlington, New Jersey. Mrs. Morris writes:

**"You can't afford
Baking Failures
when you're
raising a family
on \$25⁰⁰ A WEEK"**



"The good butter, eggs and milk I put in my baked foods," adds Mrs. Morris, "cost too much to be trusted to cheap, doubtful baking powder."



"I've learned from experience that Cream of Tartar baking powder is the kind to depend on for sure results, and I'm teaching my daughter that Royal is a real economy."

WHEN you compare the cost of Royal with that of your other ingredients, it seems foolish indeed to skimp along with a doubtful baking powder.

Enough Royal for a baking costs only about 1¢. And Royal is sure . . . dependable. No matter what you bake with Royal, you get a finer flavor and texture.

It's the Cream of Tartar in Royal that insures successful baking. Cream of Tartar is a wholesome fruit product made from grapes. And Royal is the only nationally known baking powder made with this superior ingredient.

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FREE COOK BOOK

Write to Royal Baking Powder, 691 Washington Street, New York, Dept. 207



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AVE CAESAR

(Continued from page 15)

sands in Italy who will wave one hand at him and clench the other fist. Thousands who are smolderingly furious at the spending of millions to "welcome" him; almost rebellious at the tearing up and repaving of half the streets of Rome, Naples and Florence, and the extravagant sham battle of the navy off Naples, for Hitler's sake; incensed at the building of a special railroad terminal for him to arrive in, while so many of their population live in hovels; at the ridiculously gaudy avenues of triumphal arches built to "honor" the leading sword-rattler of the age. They know all too well that there are people in the hill towns wrapping their feet in gunny-sack instead of shoes. Or going barefoot; they haven't even the few centimes necessary to buy gunny-sack. They hate it, and some of them are saying so, openly.

Certainly, there is Ave Caesar being shouted everywhere. Shouted by men in arms and a people cowed by their men in arms; shouted mostly by a defiant post-war generation of militaristic youngsters who have grown up since the War and who therefore know nothing whatever of what war is. It's a show now, and they love it. How the Italian loves a parade! It is part of their emotional Latin nature to love that. There has always been a gay, defiant tilt to the Latin head, and I suppose there always will be. But believe me, there are many, many in Italy who are anything but . . . gay.

There are many who remember what their Italy has given the world in music and beauty and religious faith as well as in the thunders and terrors of war. They know that once they were painters, sculptors, writers, musicians. They remember Raphael and Leonardo and Botticelli; they know what Michelangelo did for sculpture and painting, what Petrarch and Dante did for letters, what Verdi and Puccini did for opera, what Savonarola and the gentle Francis, to mention only two, did for religion. And with all their

hearts they resent the awful truth that Il Duce has taken that glorious creative, artistic instinct and transferred it to the blind, destructive art of war. Whether he ever goes to war or not, he has already done his worst: he has taken that skilled Italian finger that might have guided painter's brush or sculptor's chisel or author's pen and taught it to pull a trigger. He has filled the mind of young Italy with the ghastly philosophy of the sword.

But there is a ray of hope. I spent Holy Week and Easter Day in Rome and Italy, and I heard the church bells ring all that Week, and I saw all Italy going to church. I've almost forgotten what Church it was they went to; that doesn't matter. What does matter is that in spite of all Il Duce has taught them, they still are on their knees to Jesus Christ. I saw the ancient Colosseum packed to capacity on Good Friday afternoon, an uncountable host of Christians singing before a cross set up in the very centre of the arena where earlier Christians had died for their faith before a roaring host of earlier Roman militarists. What a triumph, after 1900 years, for the Prince of Peace! We could hear troops Fascisti marching in the streets outside the Colosseum, but somehow they seemed ridiculous, and there was no fear on the face of anyone, for every face in the place was lifted toward that cross.

What was it, Il Duce, that undermined that old Roman Empire you are trying to rebuild? It was that handful of despised Christians facing the beasts in the Colosseum. What is it, Il Duce, that may ultimately undermine your best-laid plans now? It may be this gospel of the Prince of Peace, stronger than ever in the hearts, not of a few, but of literally millions within your gates. I love your Italians, Il Duce, your Italy. I do not fear for it. For I have seen your people go to Church, and kneel at the feet of the Nazarene and put their faith in Him Who died with a Roman spear-wound in his side. I have heard them singing Ave, Christ!

DENMARK CELEBRATES THE FOURTH

(Continued from page 23)

Henius, a scholar and historian, conceived the idea of a museum, housing tools and other objects which the pioneers had brought with them across the sea, or which they had wrought when building their first homes. An architect in Chicago donated his services and drew up the plans. Six prominent Danish-born Americans contributed the necessary capital. All the material, logs, windows, shingles, and even the hardware, came from various parts of United States. At the anniversary festival in 1934 Mrs. Ruth Bryan Owen made the dedicatory speech after which she turned the key and, with a gracious smile, opened the doors wide to this unique pioneer museum.

And so back there in a remote corner of little Denmark stands a log cabin, dedicated to the memory of Abraham Lincoln and to all the intrepid pioneers that followed him.

Indeed, the whole park is such a monument. But it is far more than that. Re-

build not only epitomizes vision and peaceful toil in days belonging to the past; it blazes a new path toward the future, speaking prophetically of unseen but firm bonds, that bind two peoples strongly together.

More and more American tourists abroad begin to include Rebuild in their itinerary. On several occasions I met American friends who had come hundreds of miles, prompted by a patriotism, which had been awakened or deepened in foreign lands; a patriotism totally devoid of jingoism and hatred of others, but grown out of a warm, natural love for one's own country and kin.

The thousands of people that visit Rebuild throughout the year, and the tens of thousands who worship at its altar of political independence and the larger patriotism on the Glorious Fourth, are living emblems of ties that defy distances and differences, symbols of international bridge building that shall some day encompass not only United States and Denmark, but mankind throughout the world.

without the library."

A letter from a school president: "Words cannot express what the Faith Cabin Library has meant to the school at large. There are students whose entire outlook has been changed by the thoughts and ideas gained from their reading. This school would have had a different history without the library on its campus."

And "written by Annie" is this: "Our library has made me a better citizen. Teaching me more about the country in which I live. I wish others, all over, could have a library like ours." So many of these "Faith" letters express the same wishful hope.

A school principal shows how quickly the libraries expand: "We are attempting to make it the first unit of a little community center. At present we are working on a tennis court." Also how willingly they share. "Ours is known as the *traveling library*. It has served thousands of boys and girls, men and women, in the county."

This present summer Willie Lee will be graduated from Furman University, Greenville, S. C. Thus his cherished dream of a college education will be realized—thanks to the efforts of President B. E. Geer, the friend who came in when his world went out. Willie Lee already has his class ring, although Uncle Eury (who is now sixty-six and has been teaching thirty-eight years, and is still teaching both week days and Sundays!) will formally present it at the dedication ceremony of the Iowa City Faith Cabin unit at Bettis Academy this summer.

The ring was a joyful surprise gift to Willie Lee from his colored friends of the Faith Libraries. Each of the ten units—all that then existed—contributed about two dollars to the gift. Nothing ever touched young Buffington so much. "I almost had to swallow my heart," he says, "at the thought of those girls and boys putting their pennies in a common fund—and glad to do it—for me! The ring will always be one of my prized possessions, a constant reminder of the users of Faith Cabin Libraries and their gratitude." Then he adds what is so typically Buffington, "But it will also be a constant reminder of the *Others*—those who have no books at all!"

He smiles as he says it, never doubting. The past four years have stamped their struggle and suffering on his face. The boy has grown up. It is a man now—matured by too heavy burdens and responsibilities—who looks at you with grave, determined, questioning eyes. After graduation, what?"

Meanwhile he continues to send out his letters asking for books—or stamps. He knows God makes the miracle . . . and will tell someone to answer.

Note: Word has just been received from Willie Lee Buffington that he is planning to attend theological seminary this fall—just where has not been decided. His *Christian Herald* friends are therefore requested to write him at his old address before sending parcels, as mail will be forwarded to him, although he will not be at 23 Thruston street, Greenville, S. C. to receive parcels. He will reply to all letters, giving the right address for sending such parcels.



**YOU'RE INVITED TO
BE A MEMBER OF
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SEE WHAT FUN WE HAVE!**

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FAMOUS COOKING AUTHORITY

**JAMS AND JELLIES MADE
WITH CERTO TASTE SO
MUCH BETTER . . . COST
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- 1. 60 ASSORTED LABELS!** Attractive jelly glass labels printed in color and gummed on back all ready to stick on!
- 2. SPECIAL BOOKLET,** "Fun For Jelly-Makers," written by Frances Lee Barton. It contains many interesting recipes on how to use jams and jellies to perk up meat dishes, desserts, sauces, hot breads. Also directions for organizing money-making jelly bazaars.

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**10 Piece Jelly-Making Kit
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Here are the tools you've always wanted—aluminum colander of just the right size; enameled paraffin pot with wooden handle; strawberry huller; cherry pitter; apple corer; wooden-handled aluminum measuring cup; 60 assorted jelly glass labels; long-handled wooden spoon; special cloth for straining juice; 1 dozen paper jelly glass covers, assorted colors.

"This is my first year as a successful jelly-maker," writes Mrs. E. A. Hepp, club member from Denver, Colo. "Now that I use Certo, I get perfect results from any fruit! And with that short ½ minute boil, no juice boils away—so I get 11 glasses instead of 7!"

FINER FLAVOR, TOO! Because of that short boil, no flavor goes off in steam . . . so jams and jellies made with Certo retain the delicious flavor of the fresh, ripe fruit itself!



Certo is a product of General Foods. Look for the tested recipes under the label of every bottle.



"I've just used Certo for the first time," writes Mrs. Carol Carter from Washington, D. C., "and for the first time I enjoyed making jelly! I boiled my fruit juice only ½ minute—and in less than 15 minutes after my fruit was prepared, I had a whole batch of simply delicious jelly cooling in glasses!"

**AN AVERAGE
OF HALF AGAIN
MORE GLASSES!
NO NEED TO
WORRY ABOUT
FAILURE,
EITHER!**



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Please send me FREE—60 assorted jelly glass labels and Frances Lee Barton's new booklet, "Fun For Jelly-Makers."

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CURRENT BOOKS

By Albert Linn Lawson

ONE of the finest biographies of the season is *The Life of Henry Clay*, by Glyndon G. Van Deusen (Little Brown & Co., \$4.00.) While other great national personalities of the past are dimming slightly and becoming rather legendary than real, Henry Clay remains, somehow, alive and human. He was a most colorful figure—next to Jackson perhaps the most colorful figure in our national history. This fine biography traces his life and career, step by step, from his setting up law practice in Lexington, Kentucky, throughout his notable career in the Senate, the wrecking of his presidential hopes by Thurlow Weed—a sort of ante-bellum Hearst—to the end. Curiously, the matter for which, probably, Clay will longest be remembered is the Missouri Compromise—yet he was not the author of that measure, although its most powerful and effective advocate. With Calhoun and Webster, Clay was one of the "great triumvirate" in the Senate. It is a peculiar thing that Clay and Webster, two of the ablest and most popular men in the Whig party, were singularly overlooked as presidential possibilities. Webster failed even to get the desired nomination in 1836—perhaps fortunately, for that was not a Whig year; and Clay similarly failed in 1840, when nomination meant certain election; and when he was nominated, four years later, the election went against him. The present book is full of new and interesting details, is most ably written, and will be a splendid addition to any library.

The Soul Doctor by Charles Reed Zahniser (Round Table Press) is a modern and scientific but vitally Christian approach to the pastor's opportunity in dealing with the sick minds and abnormal or distracted personalities of his congregation.

Dr. Zahniser writes out of an unusually wide and varied experience. He has been a pastor, secretary of a great church federation, and is now professor of Social Science and Applied Christianity in Boston University.

His book which is written in novel form carries the same inspirational teaching quality that the author reveals on the platform and in the class room. It should be in the hands of every preacher.

"Creative Pioneers" by Sherwood Eddy and Kirby Page (Association Press, \$1.50) is a challenge essentially to youth. The authors unfold the pages of unconquered and new frontiers, revealing glimpses of the rugged path of obstacles which lies before the courageous young person who realizes that those frontiers must be penetrated in building a new society.

The problems of industrial relations and political action are particularly per-

tinent to the times. In these and the ensuing chapters we are given not only the existing problems and biographical sketches of active leaders pioneering for reform, but also suggestions concerning the problems and organizations which will furnish information on entering these fields.

The cooperative movement is comparatively new in the United States and offers wide scope to the young pioneering man or woman who could mold from it a fascinating and satisfying career.

Inspirational as well as practical is the chapter dealing with vocations and avocations. Although the authors point out that pioneering is not for all, they show us the great causes which cry out to American youth to do the work of pioneers.

Race relations and socialized religion are the two frontiers which the layman can strive to conquer. There is much to be done in these fields and the young Christian will find the going hard but the goal worth while. "A religion that defines sin in social terms operates valiantly in the real world."

The book is written from an advanced point of view, but its sincerity and heroic purpose leave nothing at all distasteful to the reader.

(A review by Aileen Soares)

Best Sellers

The ten sales leaders in the Religious Book field during June, as reported by the twenty leading bookstores of the country, named in our June issue, are as follows:

1. Joseph in Egypt, by Thomas Mann
2. I Will Lift Up Mine Eyes, by Glenn Clark
3. Thy Kingdom Come—But Not Now by Margaret Slattery
4. Recoveries in Religion, by Ralph Sockman
5. The Return to Religion, by Henry C. Link
6. The Doctrine of the Church of England
7. Resources for Living, by Gaius Glenn Atkins
8. Successful Christian Living, by Harry Emerson Fosdick
9. They Dared to Live, by Robert M. Bartlett
10. Personality and God, by Margery Wilson.

A Correction

On page 55, of our June issue, the item at the top of the page, headed "Daily Devotions and Bible Studies" is so placed as to make it appear that those studies were also recommended by the Committee. That is not the case; the Committee did not see them, and therefore did not recommend them.

(Continued from page 33)

overlapping each other, the sheet up to his chin, and stared at the open window embroidered in green leaves. The cottage had its back to a brush-covered hill called Hook Mountain, that stretched far up beyond where Peter could see. He didn't want to see. There was an aching void in the pit of his stomach. The Doctor had told the nurse, "This little boy must stay in bed a week at least." With only fourteen days to visit Mont Lawn he would have no time to do the things he planned.

Peter had been only a little boy when Mary and Jim left the farm, four years old. He was eight now. But he remembered things, the singing of tree frogs, and stars at night burning like little silver fires winking in the cold. A barn that smelled of hay and harness, and Big Jim, his dad, brown, kindly, who smelled like harness too. "God bring my Daddy back!"

It was the nurse waking him. His breakfast, a tray load of cereal, fruit, a soft-boiled egg and a mug of milk. Sunshine lay like a thin golden gauze over the porch. The grass of the lawn smelled of it, so did the flowers. "More milk?" the nurse asked. He burst into tears, joy flooded out of him.

Saturday, July 18
July heat bathed his body. Peter could stay up all day now. Sunshine beat down iron-hot on his shoulders, but he was used to sun. He loved sun heat. He wanted to put his arms around it and draw it close, calling it some big friendly name. He was getting strong. His little legs had grown solid as hedge posts during his weeks at Mont Lawn. He could chin himself. He had a collection of wild flowers. He had made friends with Timothy, the house mother's black cat. He sniffed deep of the earth's good scent. Guess he'd help the gardener weed the radishes. No, he'd swing. Nice to feel the rough rope, the board seat, blistered by sun. He leaned far back until his hair touched the ground. The sky stretched overhead, a deep blue from green earth edge, to green earth edge. Gently he swayed.

Mary's Room—Sunday, July 26
Mary leaned against the open window, her eyes dark with the honey of the heart. Two letters in her hand. One a post card, pencil scrawled in a child's up hill slant.

"Dear Mother—I can stay four weeks more the doctor says, but I have no heart aches now. I can chin myself. We had chicken and ice cream for Sunday dinner. I like it very well here. I catch a big bull frog. X X X X X These are kisses, from Peter."

"Dearest Mary: Enclosed is a postal order for \$3.00, the first money I have earned. I couldn't write until I had something to send you and the boy. I can send this much each week now. Spend it getting Peter well. Every hour I think of you. Some day, soon, we must go back. Cities were not made for country folks like us."

Jim would come.
Mary leaned far out. Below, her sharp ears caught the rush of a subway through the city's gaunt bowels. Above, in her square foot of sky, a star showed through. God seemed very near tonight.

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(Continued from page 31)

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rapidly forcing the little red schoolhouse to give way to centrally located school where the children come by bus to splendidly equipped buildings, to better paid, better trained teachers, so too must pass the 'standoffishness' of the little brown church in the dell! Small jealousies must be swallowed up in a passion for working together to solve our common problems or we will all starve separately. Both physically and spiritually. And we will deserve to!"

As a practical example of the working out of this theory, the vocational guidance committee in one small town consists of members from different churches. . . . a doctor, a lawyer, the town's leading butcher, the principal of the high school, the president of the local bank and the owner of the largest dry goods store. (The latter happens to be a public-spirited Jew.) One church furnishes a meeting place for the vocational guidance committee; another has organized a group of investigators to see exactly what its young women business club members can do; a third church acts as a clearing house for part-time jobs. If a business man in town needs some typing done; if another employer, who cannot afford a full time bookkeeper, wants his books gone over at the end of the month; if a mother with small children wants someone to stay with them while she goes to town or even is away over the week end. . . . each prospective employer that calls the church knows that the worker sent will be reliable and vouched for.

Another small town Michigan church is helping in even another way. They are paying a small sum to a top-notch office manager, temporarily out of a job, to run classes in the church vestry where office workers may keep brushed up on their dictation, typing, filing, and may learn the most efficient modern methods of office organization, so that when jobs do open up, they are ready.

Even if the local church cannot help all its members to jobs, it can offer to them and to the woman with the small salary, *creative recreation*.

"Interest Groups" is what one church has called such a program. The business club first sent out a questionnaire to find out what kind of jobs its members held and what sort of recreation they would choose if they had the money and the opportunity. The answers showed overwhelmingly that what was urgently needed was not lectures but creative hobbies. These women, tied mostly to desks all day, needed to be active physically and mentally; to glimpse larger horizons than their often routine jobs afforded.

Such a rich world lies around us! Another church is pointing the way for its young business women by setting up a Ticket Exchange. Here church members who, because of sickness or other emergencies cannot use their tickets to symphony or other concerts, to a hockey game or a lecture on Spain, send in their tickets, and the Exchange sees to it that someone who could not otherwise afford it, goes. In this way many a young business woman has entered a new world. Instead of "Boop-oop-a-doop" she has heard Beethoven; she has learned to substitute an interest in world affairs for vil-

lage gossip.

But these churches who are working jointly with the business woman to solve her problems are learning a far more important thing—that the church that gives, gets. What are these white collar women doing for the church?

The modern business woman challenges the church to give her a worth-while job. She may not be satisfied to come and hear a lecture. But she has a distinctive service to give, nevertheless.

"We never have an outside speaker for our monthly business women's supper," remarked one church secretary. "Our girls explain their own hobbies. The result has been a camera club, a budget committee that helps with the church finances, and a Sunday night stringed orchestra!"

Even more specialized is the job another group of church business club members are doing; they are giving vocational information not only to their own Sunday School children but to the high school young people of the entire community. Every Saturday afternoon one of its members, a bookkeeper, a doctor, an office worker, a bank clerk, an insurance saleswoman, or the reporter for the local paper, tells the boys and girls exactly what she does, what the necessary qualifications and training for her particular job are, and what the future is for anyone entering her line of work. The results are twofold; the worker comes to have a greater pride in her own job, and the high school girl or boy sees the employment field at first hand.

Even more appealing is the service of another church group of business women who act as "office mothers pro tem" for the children in an orphanage called "The Everlasting Arms."

Since these young people have to get out on their own at high school age, it is important not only that they have jobs, but the right jobs. The vocational talks take the form of weekly hikes for combined groups of business women and the children. In this informal way the business woman gets to know her charges most intimately. You can get acquainted with a girl much more quickly over a camp fire than when she sits, frozen with embarrassment, before your desk! And incidentally these mothers-for-an-afternoon reap rich rewards.

"Except for you," wrote one girl to her business sponsor, "I would have been sunk. I'd have been lost in the shuffle. I like to pretend you're really my family. Do you mind?"

Could any woman resist an appeal like this?

The day has gone by when the business woman will come to church just because she ought to; but give her a worthwhile task and see what happens! Recently the young woman who runs the advertising for a group of laundries was made the head of her church's finance committee—and she had the church out of debt in exactly six months! How? By getting everyone to work together. She was no business genius. She merely proved that the Church can use the specialized training of the modern business woman as much as the woman herself needs the pushed-back horizons of a vibrant church. . . . that you can knock the feet out of defeat by cooperation, by being truly Christian!



Buy Yourself Happiness

by sharing with one of these children

HAVE you ever looked into the eyes of a sick child and been able to refuse anything for which that child asked? Well, I have looked into the eyes of a little child convalescent at the Hospital for Joint Diseases—and looked the other way as I heard her plead with the nurse not to send her home. Life had been painful in the hospital but there had been lots of good food and everyone had been so kind.

To you and me, the thought of going home, especially from a hospital fills us with happy expectations; to those sick children the hospital has been a place where for the first time they have had enough to eat and for the first time know the tender care of a kind nurse. For months their little sick bodies have been strapped to cruel contrivances of all kinds; they have patiently borne untold agonies so that they might get well. With all the pain the hospital has meant, they prefer to go home.

Home, when it means crowded tenement rooms, a mother who counts the returning child but another mouth to feed and a workless, often worthless father, the promise

of such a home creates no happy expectations. Will you help us give these children two weeks or a month of Mont Lawn before they go home—help us give them the strength and courage to face the life that is before them? Can you realize what this would mean to them? Two weeks of the healing rays of the sun as it touches them through the leafy branches of trees? Help us give these children what is rightfully theirs: the spirit of healthy childhood. Made part of a group of normal children, these little ones with backs in braces and legs given much-needed support, soon forget their handicaps and enter into the spirit of the day's play.

With a lump in your throat and tears in your eyes you would find their happiness hard to watch. Children are such brave little soldiers. If you turn this page without a thought, a vacation is lost—a vacation that might save a life. Look into the eyes of these children and heed their plea—give yourself the happiness of sending a child to Mont Lawn instead of back into the heat and hunger of the tenements.



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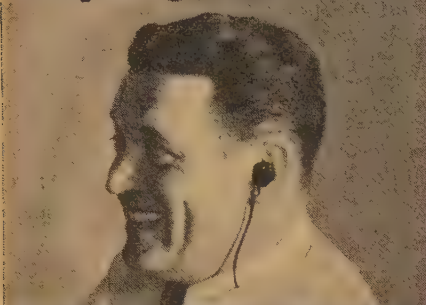
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JULY 3

Joshua: A Choice of Loyalties

NUM. 27:15-23; JOSH. 1:1-9; 24:1-31
(PRINTED LESSON, JOSH. 1:2-6; 24:14-21)

JOSHUA is not to be understood independently and in his own right. Any estimate of his worth must begin by appraising his connections with Moses, the great leader who bore the title "servant of Jehovah." The things that were happening around him in Joshua's day explain the greatness of his character. "He was born in Goshen, in the land of Egypt; was the son of Nun, of the tribe of Ephraim; was of the twelfth generation from Joseph, and was about forty years old when the Exodus took place. He was a soldier, called 'the minister of Moses,' or 'the servant of Moses' and occupied about the same relation to him as a chief of staff does to his general." Until the time of Moses' death and Joshua's own call to service, he was known only as one of those who willingly carried out the wishes of the commander-in-chief, Moses. He was one of the twelve spies sent into Canaan to see what sort of land it was.

Joshua is known to history as the one who took possession of the "Land of Promise." Abraham had obtained the promise centuries before; Moses placed the people of Israel in a position that they could enjoy the promise; Joshua brought the promise into fulfillment.

While Joshua is known principally as a military leader who used the arts of war to accomplish the purposes of God, he also deserves to be accounted as a man of faith, judgment, and deep devotion. Again and again his faith in God gave him the inspiration for his leadership. Even his first official act—the crossing of Jordan at flood-tide called for a sublime faith and dependence on God.

In the relatively short time that Joshua remained as a peace-time leader of Israel, he fought some of his hardest battles. These later battles were those against the prevailing idolatry of the land. Even though conquered, the people of Canaan kept their false religions, and Israel was tempted, and often yielded, to follow other gods than Jehovah, and to practice other rites than those He had established.

This is the setting for chapter 24, the last picture of Joshua's career. With the leaders of all the tribes assembled at Shechem before him, Joshua rehearsed to them the mighty acts of Jehovah in their behalf. He reminded them of their prevailing tendency to forsake the Lord. Then came his trumpet call to decision: "To whom will you be loyal? Will you follow the gods of other days and of other people? Or will you follow Jehovah? My choice is made; I, and my family with me, shall serve the Lord."

JULY 10

Caleb: Life-time Devotion

NUM. 13:26-33; JOSH. 14:6-15
(PRINTED LESSON, JOSH. 14:6-15)

WHAT characteristics of Caleb's life deserve to be set down as exemplary after more than thirty centuries of time have preserved them? Why is he chosen as an inspiration to men and women of the twentieth century A.D.?

He is sometimes extolled for his *courage*, sometimes for his *optimism*, sometimes for his *patience*, sometimes for his *plodding*, sometimes for his *faith in God*.

Two outstanding events. Separated by forty-five years, the two events which hold Caleb's name in prominence are closely linked together. The first was the part which he played in the visit of the twelve spies to the land of Canaan, one year after the Exodus from Egypt. The second was the seeking and receiving of just reward for that former service, at the time when Canaan was being divided among the successful tribes. Exemplary character and lofty motives distinguish both of these events.

Right, but judged to be wrong. Majority verdicts are not always right. By a vote of ten to two the committee of twelve spies turned in an adverse report. Caleb and Joshua were right in their plea; that conquest was in order because they took account of their faith in God—that He was on their side, and would give them success. While the ten spies went to their graves, and all the people who participated in the great referendum passed away Caleb and Joshua saw the promise of God being fulfilled. And never once might it be said that they were other than wholly devoted.

New points of character appear in the second episode, the printed portion of today's lesson. In a modest plea for merited reward, Caleb's words remind us of his forgiving spirit, his patience, his action according to clear conviction, and the fact that "he wholly followed the Lord."

Happily, such a record and such a plea were rewarded. Caleb was allowed to try for Hebron, and, with the aid of Jehovah, he gained the city and the surrounding territory.

JULY 17

Deborah: Emergency Leadership

JUDGES 4:1 TO 5:31
(PRINTED LESSON, JUDGES 4:1-9, 12-14)

ONE who reads these two chapters will be impressed with both similarities and differences in their contents. There is first a prose account and then a poetic account.

In the period covered by the Judges there were many crises to be met. After the settlement of the tribes in Canaan

the conflicts continued between them and the former inhabitants. The oncoming generations departed from the ways of Jehovah God. Then in an attempt to win them back judges were raised up who delivered Israel from their enemies. In such a day came Deborah, who was ranked among the judges.

Jabin, king of Canaan, had revived a confederacy once put down by Joshua, and had oppressed the people of Israel for twenty years. The captain of Jabin's army was Sisera, a man greatly to be feared.

Deborah called Barak to go at once to raise an army from the men of Zebulun and Naphtali. On the top of Mount Tabor was an oblong plain large enough for the whole army. Here they could see every move of the enemy, and would be safe from the attack of his iron chariots. She prophesied the outcome of the battle, that the Lord would deliver Sisera into the hand of a woman—not herself but Jael, the wife of Heber the Kenite.

Sisera received word of the action and came confidently from Harosheth. The description of the battle is brief. Barak pressed down the mountain side against Sisera, whose chariots and horses became part of a bedlam and could not accomplish anything but confusion. A severe rain came at the crisis of the battle, blinding the Canaanites and making their fighting ineffective. That it was more the work of valiant fighters is evident from the words of 5:20, "The stars in their courses fought against Sisera."

Sisera himself fled from his chariot and found a refuge in the tent of Heber the Kenite. Being deceived by the kindness of Jael, the wife of Heber, he went to sleep never to waken. The woman stole up to him while he slept, drove a tent pin through his temples with a mallet, and he was no more. Gruesome as seems this part of the story, we must count it Jael's favor that she killed Sisera as the enemy of God.

JULY 24

Gideon: Following God's Plan

JUDGES 6:1 TO 8:35

(PRINTED LESSON, JUDGES 7:4-7, 15-23)

THE book of Judges is one continuous exhibition of God's providential prevention of the destruction of true religion. . . . In the defeat of Sisera the last attempt of the old inhabitants of the land of Canaan to recover their sway was put down. The next event is wholly different. It is the invasion of the tribes of the adjoining desert. The whole of Southern Palestine lay at the mercy of the Midianites. . . . God raised up a liberator—Gideon. (Hastings, *Greater Men and Women of the Bible*.)

Imagine a situation when for seven years no Israelite could plant a field and be sure that he would reap the grain; he could not raise cattle with the expectation that the grown animals would be his own. Could young Gideon do otherwise than wear vengeance against Midian?

Following his divine instructions, Gideon made two siftings of his army. The first, on the basis of fear alone, cut down the number of men from thirty-two thousand to ten thousand. The second, designed to pick the alert, quick, adept men of the army from the regular, slow-

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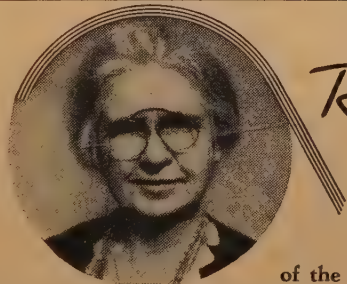
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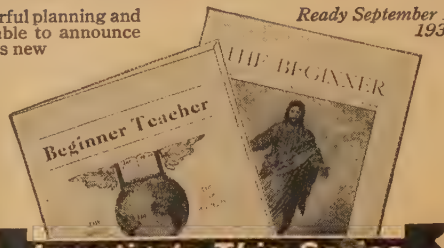
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moving, self-centered ones, gave but three hundred to the intrepid leader.

Was it Gideon's strategy that won? We note the division of the army and its dispersion about the whole camp; the silence which would not have been possible to a large number; the trumpets, which in common blasts, widely scattered, would seem like multitudes; the pitchers, whose simultaneous destruction produced an unknown and ominous din; the torches which, when widely diffused and encircling the camp, gave the impression that a host of men had come well prepared.

Or was it Gideon's faith? No man was ever more sure of his ground. Once assured, there was no shaking him. It was not immodest for him to instruct his men to cry, "The sword of the Lord and of Gideon!"

Teacher and student alike will fail in this lesson they miss the point that God always has a plan.

JULY 31

Samson: Strength and Weakness

JUDGES, CHAPTERS 13 TO 16
(PRINTED LESSON, JUDGES 14:5, 6; 15:11-14; 16:15-21)

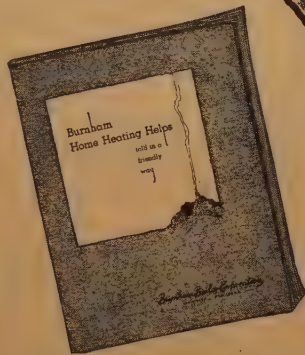
THE story of Samson is an outstanding example of the way in which the highest prospects and largest endowments of personal power may be set aside.

"The period in which Samson lived was one of the darkest and least civilized in the history of Israel. . . . In particular the moral life of the Hebrews had sadly deteriorated. For forty years the Hebrews were subject to the Philistines. The spectacle presented is that of utter weakness—weakness as a nation, weakness as a religion, weakness as a people, and as individuals." (James Hastings, D.D.)

Under these circumstances we cannot expect too much from Samson. He was all too prone to partake of the roughness and immorality of the times.

Analyzing Samson's Character

1. At one point Samson excels all his Biblical companions. His physical strength was greater than that of any other man.
 2. Samson had a wonderful start in life. His birth was promised by a direct messenger from God, and his pious mother began his spiritual and physical nurture as a distinct service to Jehovah.
 3. He was set aside as a Nazirite, one dedicated to God. Samson's actions little merited the esteem which a Nazirite should have.
 4. Samson was selfish, with no great ability to stifle his desires.
 5. Samson was lustful. His record of connections with women was not inspired by the pure motives of love, but of passing fancy and passion.
 6. Samson was vengeful. He was always for getting even with someone who had done him an injury. His retaliation knew no bounds.
 7. Samson was brutal. Human life and property called for no respect from him.
 8. Samson was untruthful, deceiving his wife and others by his lying words.
 9. Samson was unstable, not being able to resist the wiles and tears of his plotting wife.
- With all these traits his great strength was really weakness, for a body is no stronger than the mind which controls it.



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(Continued from page 39)

and shed but little light in the Garden that tragic night. It may be so. They did not remain awake. They failed to watch. We have no record that they prayed. Luke says that when He returned He found them "sleeping for sorrow." But the presence a little way off of the three intimates, even though they slept, meant something to the Master. Jesus yearned for their love and affection and sympathy; He leaned upon them now that His hour had come. They were near by. Thus there were lanterns of human companionship in the Garden of Gethsemane. Nor did they wholly fail Him.

There Too, Was The Lantern of Prayer

Did anybody ever pray as Jesus prayed in Gethsemane? I wonder! All four of the evangelists refer to His praying in the garden. The terms they use are eloquent, significant. Matthew says that Jesus confided to His disciples on this wise: "My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death." Matthew also says that "He fell on His face, and prayed, saying, O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me: nevertheless, not as I will but as Thou wilt." And Luke, the beloved physician, adds the final touch, "And being in an agony, He prayed more earnestly: and His sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling down to the ground." Whoever prayed like this before or since—prayed as the Master prayed in the garden of Gethsemane?

And His prayer was as a lantern that threw light along the way, lighting up dark and devious valleys where hope perished all but lost. Yes, the praying Christ brought another lantern into the garden that shone with a steady light. For Luke says in his account of Gethsemane that "as He prayed, there appeared an angel unto Him from heaven, strengthening Him." What are we to understand by this? Perhaps that some mysterious visitant from another and a better land suddenly stood at His side, comforted, strengthened Him? Whatever it was, it was of God, and it was as a lantern scattering the darkness that enveloped His soul and clouded His mind for a few brief moments. The Son of Man was battling with Himself in the Garden. Something happened within, a potent something, invigorating of spirit, an exaltation of mind; there came a companionship that was something more than human, something more intimate still, more vital, more inspiring, "an angel from heaven appeared and strengthened Him." There in the garden Jesus Christ prayed in agony for light and there was Light!

Prayer, real prayer; prayer with every vestige of self washed away; such prayer does light up the darkest experiences of life. The lives of Great Souls at Prayer attest to the lasting light that comes by way of climbing those altar stairs that hope through darkness up to God. In the purple shadows of the Garden, that light of nights, the lanterns of the heavens; lanterns of human friendship; lanterns from the Eternal in some mystic yet definite manner, flooded the darkest hour of Jesus' life with a mellow radiance and made the way to the Cross bright with a brightness above that of the Syrian sun at midday.

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(Continued from page 50)

This young archaeologist thinks, as did George Adam Smith before him, that his site is the real Capernaum. But he does not dogmatize; he will wait and dig, and abide by the evidence unearthed. He knows that a great task may take a long time.

Make us good workmen at our tasks, however humble, O God. Amen.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 27

ONE BOY IN SYRIA

WHATSOEVER YE DO, DO IT HEARTILY.
READ COL. 3:16-25.

WESTERN travelers are often madened by the leisureliness of the East; and its disregard of time. We stopped one day for refreshment in a restaurant in a small Syrian town and met such efficiency and promptitude as our homeland rarely provides. The acting proprietor was a curly-headed Moslem of perhaps fifteen years. He was as alert as a lizard.

As I watched his nimble movements, every motion counting, I recalled the word of a wise lawyer friend concerning the training of boys. "First of all, show them how to be efficient. The world is cursed with incompetence. Whatever the boys do, have them do it well, right up to the limit."

All of which is more tersely said in a certain old Book: "Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

We do desire, our Father, to be workmen who shall not be ashamed. Amen.

THURSDAY, JULY 28

MY TYPIST

WE ARE LABORERS TOGETHER.
READ I COR. 3:1-15.

WHEN we travel, Milady is my typist. She likes best to transcribe Meditations, preferring them to the ponderous political articles which I write for newspapers. Ever and anon she breaks into a morning's work with some kindly comment upon a Meditation that pleases her; and she also points out the defects of the poor ones. She protests when I praise her: but I am sure she likes it.

It is good to be "laborers together." Lonely souls, who live and work alone, merit our compassion. They miss half the joy of labor which is in fellowship. Even the solitary-souled Apostle Paul gloried in his yoke-fellows.

So, in service of Christ and the world, find a partner!

We thank Thee, Lord, that we may be laborers one with another, as well as with Thee. Grant us the yoke-fellow graces. Amen.

FRIDAY, JULY 29

THE MOON OVER GALILEE

WHEN I CONSIDER . . . THE MOON.
READ PSALM 8.

"**SEE!** The moon! Wonderful!" cried young Clementine, one of Father Taep-

per's smiling helpers. She has little English, but she could not refrain from sharing her ecstasy with me, as the gloved haloed edge of the full moon peeped over the hills of Gadara.

Moonlight upon the Lake of Galilee seems like no other moonlight. Its soft effulgence is something that poets and artists have tried in vain to catch. The beholder is wrapped in a calm wonder and a deep sense of loveliness.

How often the observant and sensitive Jesus must have watched this same moon rise over the crest of these same hills exulting in His Father's world.

Sun, moon, stars, earth and water all praise the Lord their Maker; and we would lift our hearts to join in their acclaim. Amen.

SATURDAY, JULY 30

HE WAS HERE

JESUS WENT ABOUT ALL GALILEE.
READ MATT. 4:18-25.

WITH real interest, yet without burning heart, I looked upon the ruins of Tell Hun, long believed to be Capernaum; and upon the mosaics of the loaves and fishes, made in Queen Helena's time, here in our own Tabgha; and upon the church holding what is called "The Table of Christ"; upon the House of Peter; and upon the other memorials to Jesus that piety has erected along the northern shore of His Lake.

I am content to know that it was along this few miles of shoreline, at any one of a number of places which fit the Gospel incidents, that our Lord lived and labored.

From quiet contemplation there emerges the sure conviction that it was here that Jesus lived and ministered.

Precious are thoughts of Galilee; but more precious are thoughts of Thee, blessed Christ. And now we may meet Thee anywhere. Amen.

SUNDAY, JULY 31

PALESTINE'S PROBLEMS

DO JUSTICE.
READ PSALM 83.

SOME earnest Christians acclaim Zionism as a fulfillment of prophecy; not knowing that many Orthodox Jews oppose it on religious grounds. Zionism is primarily political and economic, and seeks to establish sovereign Jewish State in Palestine by crowding out the native majority population of Arabs who have always lived in the Land.

Right is right, justice is justice, and no sentimentality may be a substitute. Violations of simple justice are what have turned the world upside down.

If the ethical sense of men fails, the religion turns into an empty form. Our day needs to hear the prophet's, "Let justice roll down like waters, and righteousness as an ever-flowing stream."

In the land that Thou didst love, Lord, we pray that righteousness may prevail, and love take up her home, and that all the people may fulfill the purpose of the Saviour. Amen.

(Continued from page 38)

twenty miles to Cofton, over roads that were dry, under skies that were blue. It made all the difference in the world.

Cofton Church is fourteenth century and very, very tiny, so that it did not seem empty with only the dozen relatives and near friends who were there. Sunshine turned the altar to living beauty and touched the two young people as with a very special benediction. There is nothing more solemnly lovely than the marriage service of the Church of England. And there was no mumbling. The vicar spoke the grand old words clearly and Bryant's nice American voice was firm and reverent and Patricia's soft tones were resonant and unafraid. We all were very much moved; for this marriage at this particular moment of the world's unrest had its element of comfort for us older people.

And then, back to the bride's home, and here the sun still accompanied us, for the drawing rooms were bright with it and the sweep of gardens beyond the windows was Devon's own vivid green. Then they were off to London and the New World, the world that had not been discovered when Cofton Church was built! Bride and groom both are very fine products of the British and American breeds. God bless them and the home they will make together.

We were a little dull in Hearthstone for today or so after the wedding, and then we settled into work again. But not for long was I allowed to concentrate on my writing. I was notified a fortnight ago that another assault was to be made on Southdown Lane. This time the enemy was not the town of Brixham but the national commission which is replanning all the roads of England. They would find it necessary, I was warned, to take four hundred feet of my property. I could protest.

When I was called into the meeting room in the Town Hall there were some twenty-odd members there! I could feel

my knees clack together. After all, who was I to tell the British what to do with their national projects? I was placed in a chair at one end of the enormous table and the chairman, asked me, very sternly, why I objected to this obvious improvement. I gathered myself together and told him how I felt about Hearthstone and about its garden walls which are an integral part of the old cottage picture.

"You could never rebuild those walls, Mr. Chairman," I said. "It took hundreds of years to build them. Nowhere in the world does time do to stonework quite what it does in the south of England." The weathering of a wall through the centuries gives it a *patina* impossible to duplicate. If you tear down that wall you destroy irreplaceable beauty."

"I see," said the chairman, in an expressionless voice. "I wonder if you would mind withdrawing to the next room while we debate your protest. Please be sure to await our decision."

Five minutes had not passed when they called me back. I walked, unhappily, the length of the room and seated myself. The chairman cleared his throat. "This committee," he said, "joins with me in making the promise that as long as you live and as long as the place is kept up as it is, Hearthstone shall not be touched, by any improvement scheme."

I was quite floored. I thanked him and his committee. He thanked me, for the committee. I bowed and he bowed and I went out into the street, very much moved and very happy.

And so when a letter came last week from the editor of *Christian Herald*, telling me that the magazine was planning on a *Herald* tour of England this summer, I wrote to ask him to invite these *Herald* friends to take a little peep at Hearthstone, its walls and its chimneys and at Hearthstone's inhabitants: Searle and Mrs. Searle, the cats, the dogs, the goldfish and the canaries, the Searles' cottage, Mayflower, across the street, and last of all, at Southdown Lane!

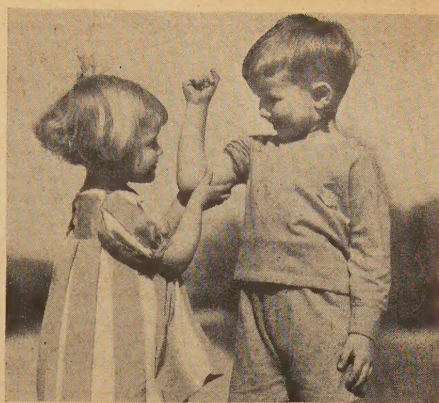
(Continued from page 43)

things to say about churches. The quiet man was immune to bitterness. With scriptural directness he challenged the right to "come and see." That night in Pasadena the outlaw's heart was "strange-warmed" then set on flame with a new great joy. A man of action, direct and dramatic in his methods, he stepped out into the streets to tell of his escape from despair and his present happiness. God had indeed put a message in his mouth. It would make an interesting record to hold here that his zeal immediately swept other people into a fervor like his own. I did not. Actually, after half a year of surgery he had succeeded only in opening a Sunday School with four children and two adults present. That beginning happened as recently as 1920. Francisco had chosen a tough battle-ground. Norman Taylor, of Yale University, surveyed the 22,000 Mexicans in this locality and reported that immoral conditions there were rarely equaled anywhere in the New World. However, today Quintanilla has 100 enrolled in his Sunday School! Preaching in a borrowed room in an

American church to such timid groups as he could persuade to enter, was the beginning of his formal Sunday morning worship. Nowadays, he must have two morning preaching services to cope with the size of his congregations till the new worship unit is completed.

When I picked up the financial statement he recently released to his membership, I had to enquire if I was reading the Spanish aright. There, topping all claims as the first entry on their budget, was the significant apportionment "*Servicio Mundial—Ofrenda Misionera* . . . \$110." Very freely translated, that meant that Mexican laborers are at this moment paying sacrificially for the Gospel to be carried to other Latins, Negroes, Orientals, and even unto their Anglo-Saxon neighbors.

If the statement of a recognized authority is true, that the 327,000 Mexicans and the other Latins in California hold the balance of political, economic and moral power in that state, then it is well that there are over 30,000 members in the 375 Mexican Evangelical churches in the United States. Such a leaven is due to the bilingual leadership of consecrated men like Francisco Quintanilla.



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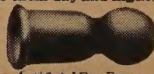


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After All!

NONSENSE DESERVES ITS PLACE IN THE SUN



Good Fishing

A visitor to a hospital for the mentally afflicted saw one of the inmates holding a fishing rod and line over a bed of flowers. Thinking to humor him, the visitor said: "Fishing?"

"Yes."

"Catching many?"

"You're the ninth one this afternoon," said the fisherman.

—Friendly Cheer

Pride Forbade

Holowyng—Why don't you go back to your old home town and settle down?

Cryeng—I'd love to; but I can't.

Holowyng—Why not?

Cryeng—Well, I drove away nearly ten years ago in a new 12-cylinder car. I just can't go back in a \$15 pick-up.

—Pathfinder

Classroom Boners

The increment took place in Mt. Hope Cemetery. (interment)

The man was indigent because he was snubbed. (indignant)

She was kept indigent of the affair. (ignorant)

A parapet is a bird who can talk. (parakeet)

The tenets would not pay the rent. (tenants)

Martha is a venial, jolly person. (genial)
Do not banter with the merchants. (barter)

Her redolent husband would not work. (indolent)

Skyscrapers are huge edifications. (edifices)

There was a great crowd at the edification. (dedication)

—Commonweal

No Rush

Farmer: "My daughter wants a roll of No. 120 camera film."

Druggist: "Regular or Verichrome?"

Farmer: "What's the difference?"

Druggist: "The Verichrome is a much faster film than the regular, but it is five cents higher."

Farmer: "Give me the regular. My daughter has plenty of time!"

—Mentology

No Great Annoyance

A doctor had an urgent phone call from a gentleman saying his small son had swallowed his fountain pen.

"All right! I'll come at once," replied the doctor. "What are you doing in the meantime?"

Where to came the unexpected answer, "Using a pencil."

—Labor

War's Latest Horror

Discussing with her mistress the war in China, a young maid said:

"Yes, ma'am, the milkman says it will be a gorilla war this time. Aint it bad enough, gas and bombs, but they must gas and train those hairy apes to strangling folk?"

—Exchange

Same Thing

Doctor—You are suffering from indigestion. Drink a glass of hot water every morning.

Patient (star boarder)—I have been doing that for months, Doctor, only my landlady calls it coffee.

—Exchange

No Discrimination

Diner: "Do you serve crabs here?"

Waiter: "Certainly, we serve anyone who sits down."

—Mentology

Exasperating Man

"Does your husband talk in his sleep?"

"No, and it's terribly exasperating. He just grins."

—Exchange

Definitions

Superiority: That feeling of knowing the spelling of the word a high school sophomore falls down on in a radio broadcast.

Good Manners: The ability to put up pleasantly with bad ones.

Budget: A method of worrying before instead of after you spend it.

Snoring: Sheet music.

—Mentology

Bad Taste

Hubby: "Isn't there something wrong with this cake you made, darling?"

Wifey: "No, dear, it must be your taste. The cookery book says it's delicious."

—Exchange

Positive Identification

It was just about midnight while the "Twentieth Century Limited" was speeding through the country that an absent-minded college professor left his berth in the sleeper to get a drink of ice water. Returning, he was hopelessly lost in trying to find his berth.

"Don't you remember the number of your berth?" asked the conductor.

"I'm—er—afraid not," was the reply. "Well, haven't you any idea where it was?"

"Why, uh—oh, yes, to be sure." The professor brightened perceptibly. "I did notice one time this afternoon that the window looked out upon a little lake!"

—Labor